THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRISH TAXATION.

The Veteran Patriot, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, Explains Some Peculiar Figures Embraced in a Lately Issued Government Report.

A Document That Throws Some Clear Light on the English Method of Leeching Ireland.

KILCASCAN, June 7.—*Editor Irish Independent, Sir:*—The votes of the Irish Nationalist members have enabled the Government to introduce their Budget. The financial condition of Ireland is thus described by the well-known and often quoted words of Mr. Robert Giffen—"At present," he says, "nearly the whole taxable income of Ireland is absorbed by the State. The taxable income being about £15,000,000 only, the Imperial Government, as we have seen, takes nearly £7,000,000,* and the local taxes are about £3,000,000 more or about £10,000,000 in all. So large a proportion of taxation to taxable income would be a serious fact for any country, and there can be little accumulation in Ireland under such conditions."

Mr. Giffen also considers that Ireland is more strictly valued than Great Britain; that she is over-valued; and that, while constituting in resources about one-twentieth of the Three Kingdoms, she pays about a tenth or eleventh of the taxes.

It is on a country thus crushed and tortured by monstrous and nefarious taxation that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to add another load to a burden already intolerable. The Nationalist members who have enabled him to make this attack on their country have incurred a grave responsibility. They have seen the continuous outflow of their countrymen and countrywomen to foreign lands, and they know that this exodus is largely attributable to the continuous drain of Irish money in absentee taxes, absentee rents, and the other pecuniary abstractions incidental to the nature of our present connection with England. Yet knowing all this, they give their votes to a Budget that, if it becomes law in its present shape, will bring wide ruin to the numerous strugglers who have hitherto tried to bear up against the difficulties with which they are surrounded.

Our financial relation with England may be described as consisting of fraud and extortion on the English side, and consequent penury and discontent on the side of Ireland.

"Ireland," said Mr. Edward Senior, "is in partnership with England, and, therefore, she is taxed on the rich country, while she is the poor one."

The London *Gazette* contains the terms of reference to the Royal Commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The third matter on which the Commission is to report is "The history of the Financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland; and after the legislative Union the charge for Irish purposes on the Imperial Exchequer during that period," etc.

This, I think, will open the question of the fairness or unfairness of the Irish quota as fixed by the Union; the retention at home of Irish money under the home Parliament to circulate and fructify in Ireland; and the disastrous result to our country of the great withdrawal of Irish income, public and private, that inevitably followed the destruction of our Parliament.

The Union soon developed its intended results. On the 20th June, 1804 (in the fourth year of the Union) Mr. Foster (who had been Speaker of the Irish House of Commons) observed that whereas in 1794 the Irish debt did not exceed two millions and a half, it had, in 1803, risen to forty-three millions; and that, during the current year it was increased to nearly fifty-three millions.

The "debt" was so largely inflated by the false estimate of Irish comparative resources embodied in the Union statutes, that in 1815 it reached £112,000,000; and successive committees sat, with the view of deciding on the steps to be taken with regard to the case of our country, which the Union had made bankrupt. On the 20th May, 1816, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald said, "You contracted with Ireland for an expenditure she could not meet; your own share of which you could not meet but by sacrifices unexampled, by exertions, the tension of which England only could have borne. Ireland had been led to hope that her expenditure would have been less than before she was united to you. In the fifteen years preceding the Union it amounted to £41,000,000, but in the fifteen years of the Union it swelled to £148,000,000. The increase of her revenue would have more than discharged, without the aid of loans, an expenditure greater than that of the fifteen years preceding 1801."

This is a clear admission that an Irish Parliament would have preserved us from the insolvency in which we were involved by the Union rate of contribution.

After 1794 the Irish debt—at that time only two millions and a half—was increased by the expenses attending the war with France. This was inevitable and Ireland properly contributed according to her means. But the debt was also swelled by the expenses incurred by the rebellion which the Government had designedly provoked, and also by the vast bribes to borough owners, whose interests were compromised by the wholesale disfranchisement of their boroughs. Those bribes, and the cost of suppressing the rebellion of 1798, were dishonestly thrown upon the Irish revenue.

In 1815 a Parliamentary Committee sat to investigate the whole question. It was open to that Committee to lower the Irish contribution to a scale commensurate with Irish relative ability, and, as it was over and over again shown that the excess of what was called "Irish" debt, resulted from an overcharge, to transfer that excess from the Irish to the British account. For if Ireland had avowedly been paying too much, Great Britain, to the same extent, had been paying too little. But, instead of substituting a fair Irish quota for an admitted overcharge, the Committee of 1815 recommended the consolidation of the two Exchequers, which measure, by consolidating the revenues, also consolidated the debts of the two kingdoms, thus mortgaging Ireland, present and future, for the whole of the British liabilities, pre-Union as well as post-Union.

No effective relief resulted from the Committee of 1815. They proclaimed the wrong, but suggested no remedy. Years afterwards, Mr. (subsequently Baron) Leslie Foster, said, "Taxation in that country (Ireland) has almost been carried to its *ne plus ultra*."

In 1854 the late Colonel Dunne, M. P. for the Queen's County, moved for a Committee to examine the financial relations with England. The report was drawn by the late Sir Stafford Northcote, and, as might have been expected, got rid of the undesirable Irish grievance by such pretexts as that any impoverished English districts, such, for instance, as Wiltshire, might set up as good a claim as Ireland to special or exceptional relief. No reduction of our burdens followed.

The foregoing brief reference to the ruinous financial injustice entailed on Ireland by the Union suggests the great care the Irish members of the present Commission should take to insist on our case as the case of a distinct nationality. Nothing is more clear to the questions, the evidence, and the general line taken by the English members of Colonel Dunne's committee than this total disregard of an Irish national status.

A few plain facts should be remembered. 1. Ireland in 1794 only owed two millions and a half of National debt. 2. Ireland in 1894 pays about thrice as much in *annual* Imperial taxation as the whole capital of her debt amounted to under her own Parliament. 3. The Irish debt was swelled by the French war, and partly by the criminal machinations of the Government, to £28,000,000 in 1801. 4. This debt was quadrupeled in 1815, under the financial arrangements of the Union. It had then reached £112,000,000, being quadrupeled during the period when the British debt was less than doubled. 5. The condition to which Ireland has been reduced by the systematic extortion of nearly a century is patent to all observers—among others to the Irish Parliamentary supporters of Sir William Harcourt's Budget. Every vote given for his Budget is a vote to help him to extirpate our people—a vote to cast adrift the humble numbers whose daily bread has been derived from the employment they received from employers whose means of giving that employment the Budget plainly threatens to destroy—a vote which will enable the Government to add a fresh load to the extortions which have already banished nearly half our nation.

The Irish members who support the Chancellor's project should seriously consider how they can account to God and to their country for assisting him to carry a Budget fraught with such ruinous effects. I am, sir, your faithful servant.

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

*Mr. Giffen appears to understate the amount. By a late Parliamentary return the Irish contribution is represented £8,952,000.

KNEW THE MEN OF '98.

Death in This City of an Irishwoman Who Helped to Make a Flag Carried at Wexford in 1798.

Pinned on the breast of an old woman, who is lying dead at 3142 Union avenue, is a tiny bit of faded green which is linked with Ireland's storied struggle and which has served as the natal certificate of her who was known on Union avenue as "Granny" Greer. Catherine Greer was her full name and her age was 107 years. She died last Saturday night without apparent pain or struggle, her life ebbing away like the stopping of a clock.

She was the oldest passenger that, as far as can be learned, ever crossed the Atlantic, for she has been in Chicago but twenty years, being 87 when she left her desolate home in Ireland. When she was asked her age by the steamship authorities before leaving Queenstown she took from a little purse a bit of green on which were fashioned the figures "11" and "'98," and told them to work it out for themselves. They worked it out, aided by hints which she supplied, and they found that the result was 87—four score and seven. They hesitated about bringing over one so old, but she looked so hale and hearty and she pleaded so piteously to be brought to America that they relented and allowed her to come. When she came to this city to find the solace with her daughter denied her in old Ireland, everybody in Chicago who hailed from King's county, "Granny" Greer's native spot, proudly spoke of her as the oldest woman who had ever left the Irish shore and who could tell more stories about fights and fairies than any visitor that had ever landed on American soil. And they whispered, as if it was too sacred to talk about above a breath, of the bit of green which lent a magic charm to the personality of the old lady and made her more welcome in their homes than if she was England's queen.

The "Men of '98" have been glorified by the Irish in song and story, for in that year, eleven years after "Granny" Greer was born, a reckless dash was made for Irish freedom. The struggle was brief, but it was rich in heroism and is talked of with pride to this day at every Irish fireside. "Granny" Greer had a brother and an uncle in that fight against the Saxon, in that futile effort to place the green above the red. The centre of battle was in the county Wexford, but King's county was not far away, and the flame of insurrection was blazing as fiercely there as in Wexford itself, which has always been fiery and fierce in protest against foreign rule, even when the rest of Ireland has been dragooned into quiet. Every man in the parish of Castletown, Kings county, who could handle a pike or a musket marched away to Wexford, but before they started southward they were presented by the colleens of the parish with a flag—a flag of green with the wolf dog of Irish vengeance and a harp without a crown gleaming on its folds. "Granny" Greer was then little Katie Greer, only 11 years old, but she was old enough to know the meaning of the conflict that was pending, and she joined in the chorus of "The Wearing of the Green" while she helped the bigger girls to hem the flag that was soon to be flung to the breeze in Wexford.

When the "rising" was past and the rebels had been defeated; when Michael Greer had been given a patriot's grave on Vinegar Hill, Katie's uncle escaped to France, where he remained until it was safe for him, ten years later, to return to Castletown. At his death he left as a legacy to Katie a bit of the flag that had been torn in shreds by the English redcoats. Katie stitched on it the figures "11" and "'98."

She had never thought when she did this that she would live so old as to need the bit of green to prove that she had really been so long in the world as to excite wonder. She always loved the little souvenir "because she was Irish," she said, and in later years she prized it because it convinced the skeptical that she was really as old as she claimed.

It was only when all "Granny" Greer's relatives in Ireland died that she wished to leave the land of her birth. She had a daughter in Chicago—Mrs. Butler, of 3142 Union avenue—who went across the ocean for her, and with whom she has been living since she came to this country. She will be buried tomorrow at Calvary, and funeral services will be held in the church of the Nativity.—*Chicago Herald, June 17.*

THE SHAMROCK.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

The spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock.
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves,
They decked the banners of our chiefs
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs,
Our country's cherished shamrock:
The muse inspired with words of praise,
The poets of our early days,
To write in many a glowing phrase,
And sing in powerful thrilling lays
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the shamrock.
When on the feast of St. Patrick's Day
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland far away
He feels again youth's genial ray
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gem of rarest flower
That ever bloomed in Eastern bower
Possesses for him not half the power
That dwells within the shamrock;
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
The past with all its charms renew,
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew,
The faithful friend, the cherished few,
He left to cull the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May heaven's love upon you smile,
And banish foes that may beguile
The lovers of the shamrock;
May God forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony,
And rank thee proud mid nations free,
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE PIOBAIRE BAWN,

Otherwise the "White Piper," a Character Who Flourished in North Tipperary a Generation Ago, and Who Was an Intimate of the Fairies.

How "the Good People" Gave Him Musical Privileges Which He Abused With Results Fatal to Himself.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

"Hallo, there! Is it yourself that I see there Shemus?"

"Wisha, the Lord save ye, Jack, faith it is meself and no one else that's in it." The speaker, an Irish piper of the conventional type usually found in the south of Ireland, looked up as he heard himself addressed in a cheery manner by Jack Waters, the owner, captain and mate of a rather rusty looking side-car. Jack stopped his horse, and the halt was taken advantage of by the poor beast, who started to graze along the side of the road.

"Well, well! be this and be that! it's a cure for sore eyes to clap them on your own four bones this blessed minute. Where are you goin'?"

"Oh, just a matther of a few miles."

"Is it up to Roscrea?"

"Yis! Terry O'Connell is to be married tomorrow, and seein' that he's my own first cousin, it would be a quare thing if I couldn't manage to be there and give the bag a squeeze or two, just to cheer him up a bit. Millia murther! but it's a great risk a man takes whin he dips into the say of mathrimony, Jack."

"Thrue for ye!" ruefully assented Jack, rubbing a suspicious looking bump on the back of his head; an action which brought a grin to the features of Shemus, for the latter well knew the pugnacious nature of Mrs. Waters. "If you're not above takin' a ride with quality like me, just jump up here and I'll dhrive ye into town," continued Jack, giving the reins a quick jerk just in time to prevent an upset of himself and the car into the ditch. "Just look at that divil, will ye? Bad luck to ye for a murtherin' baste! Begor, it's a nate way ye have of gettin' rid of your passengers. Come, jump up, Shemus."

"Throth, I don't mind if I do," answered Shemus, handing his pipes up to Jack, while he climbed in on the other side of the car. He then took the precious burden from the driver and settled himself back on the seat with a sigh of relief.

"Be the powdhers o' war! This is a great improvement."

"Ye must have left a great bit of the road behind ye today, if one can believe the story of the dust on your clothes."

"I was at the fair in Nenagh and left there this morning," replied the piper.

"Faith, that's far enough for one day. I'll engage you're tired out?"

"Tired?" grunted Shemus. "Be the hokeys, I haven't a leg to stand on." Shemus took his pipes out of the bag, and he made the time fly merrily on the way to the town. He played a number of the old plaintive melodies that brought tears to the eyes of Jack, and then started up so lively a jig that the old horse, so Jack afterwards said, actually broke into a trot: the first time in years that she had been known to be guilty of such a thing.

Shemus, the Piper, or as the old people knew him, the Piobaire Bawn, was a well-known character in Tipperary about thirty years ago. He was a well-built man of over 50 years of age, lithe of figure, active as a cat, and danced as well as any of the younger people to whom he played. There was scarcely a wake or a wedding in the county but you might find the Piobaire Bawn at it. His merry face and ever-ready wit made him a welcome guest at every house, and as for his music, he was the master—par excellence—of the instrument. Owing to some disease in childhood, his hair had become snowy white; hence his name, the White Piper.

In Roscrea, Shemus had no end of friends and admirers, who insisted on drinking his health and having him drink theirs so that long ere he left the public house, he was *maith go leor*, as he himself expressed it. The hour was late when he left the hospitable roof of the tavern, and he started out in a vague manner to find the house of a friend, an old crony of his, who lived a couple of miles away. The long walk of the day, and the copious draughts of poteen punch he had indulged in, were rather too much for Shemus, and he made a halt under the shadow of the great round tower, where he placed his pipes under his head and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

How long Shemus slept, he could not tell, but his dreams were rudely disturbed by a violent tugging at his coat and the sound of a small-sized riot about his ears. He rubbed his eyes, and raising himself on his elbows, looked around him.

"Get up out of that, piper!" cried a small voice near his elbow. Shemus looked down and beheld a tiny mannikin, not over six inches in height, who was tugging at his coat in a vain endeavor to move him.

"Yes, yes, get up!" came a chorus of piping voices, and Shemus, now thoroughly aroused, sat up and gazed around him in amazement. A myriad of the tiny creatures swarmed about the place and shouted at him in a threatening manner. Some wore long beards, some had none, and all were dressed in the most fantastic costumes.

"I'd bether be polite to these gentlhry," thought Shemus to himself, so he took off his hat and made as decent a bow as he possibly could. "I'm at your service, gentlemen, what can I do to serve ye?"

"Get your carcass out of our ring for one thing," cried the dwarf who had addressed him first. "If it was e'er a one but you, Shemus, the divil a stem you'd see more. Don't ye know bethet than to go asleep in one of our fairy circles?"

The piper lost no time in getting on his feet, picking up his pipes and vacating his late lodgings in the magic circle.

"I ask your pardon, good people," he cried. "Sure only for the dhrop o' dhrink that was in me, I'd have known bethher. If there is any way in the world that I can repair the damage, sure I'll do all I can to make it good."

"Ye can wait awhile and play for the dancing. If ye treat us well, we'll not forget ye."

Shemus remained there and played a number of his best selections to please them. The entire fairy court was there, and the little king complimented the piper on his skill.

"You are the best mortal piper I ever heard," he said, "but we have players in fairyland who are more than a match for you. Send for Crithcool," he cried to a fairy page. A moment later a strange little mite of a being appeared and knelt at the feet of the king. In his hands he bore a set of pipes fashioned from straws, the bags made from the skin of a mouse and a bellows of the same material.

"I am here, your majesty," he said, making a low obeisance.

"Play the Founshee for Shemus," commanded the king.

Crithcool kicked aside a dandelion leaf and instantly up sprang a fairy mushroom. Seating himself on it, he played an air so ravishingly beautiful that Shemus almost lost his senses with delight. It was weird, now mournful and then, at the end, it became so spirited that Shemus, with difficulty, restrained himself from getting up and dancing to it. At last the fairy meeting came to an end and the king asked Shemus what could he do to reward him for his services.

"I want to be able to play that air as well as your own piper."

"Very well," said the king. "Your request is granted. You will be able to play the air at any time you may wish for it, but only twice in your life. Beware of playing it a third time. If you do our vengeance will fall on you."

A deep sleep seemed to fall on Shemus, and he sank to the ground in a deep slumber. When he awoke he found himself lying outside of the fairy circle. He gathered himself together and at once repaired to the house of his cousin, who received him warmly.

The wedding took place, and Shemus was accorded the seat of honor. The dancing commenced, and he played quite a number of tunes for them. When they had become pretty tired with the dancing, he happened to think of the fairy tune and wished to play it. Instantly his fingers moved over the keys, involuntarily, and the fairy strains came from the instrument. How ravishing and exquisite they were. The people crowded around the place where Shemus sat and listened entranced. Nothing they had ever heard sounded so delightful, and when the end came, what a sensation it created. First heads began to wag and then the bodies, until the people lost all control over themselves, and everyone of them, young and old, great and small, capered away for dear life. Even old Jim MacNamara, who had been crippled with the rheumatism for more than thirty years, flung aside his stick with a yell and danced as lively as the youngest of them. When the air was finished, and all the dancers exhausted, Shemus was startled by hearing close to his ear:

"That's once. Beware!"

He looked around but could see nobody, and he concluded that he was mistaken, so he thought no more on the subject. The wedding was a very jolly one, and when the festivities ended the guests departed, pronouncing it one of the pleasantest nights of their lives.

About a month after the wedding in Roscrea, the fair of Clonmel was held, and, of course, Shemus was there in all his glory. One morning he was surprised at receiving a challenge from a piper named MacLean, who had come all the way from Belfast to try his skill with the famous Piobaire Bawn. Shemus was only too anxious to meet all contestants of this kind, and the challenge was accepted at once.

On the date fixed for the contest, the large tent selected for the bout, was filled almost to suffocation with an anxious crowd. The northern piper, being a stranger, was allowed the honor of playing first. He was a rare performer, and although the crowd was decidedly in favor of the Tipperary piper, they had fair play in their minds, and gave him shouts of applause for his playing. Shemus then played several airs, among which were a few of his own composition. He too received an ovation, but the judges could not agree on a choice, and the result was, a fresh contest was ordered. MacLean excelled all his previous efforts, and Shemus looked a trifle gloomy as he took his place on the stand. Suddenly the strains of the Founshee flashed through his mind, and he wished for the air. The fairy melody burst out, and the entire audience sat spellbound. Such music had never been heard from mortal pipes before, and at the end of the air Shemus was lifted upon the shoulders of two stout men, carried around the fair in triumph, and hailed as the king of the pipers. MacLean left town at once and was never seen in Tipperary again.

Shemus resumed his old life and tramped around the country as was his wont, but could not be induced to play the fairy melody again. Some years afterward, his sight having left him, and feeling extremely desolate, he yearned for the sound of the strains which had made him famous. The desire grew irresistible, and Shemus, taking his pipes and seating himself on a grassy knoll, began the Founshee. When the air was finished, the people, who had gathered around to listen, heard the same strain borne on the wind from some distance. It seemed to float along and finally died out altogether. Then the piper dropped the pipes from his lifeless hands and his head fell on his breast. Some of the people came to help the old man, but they started back in horror. The Piobaire Bawn was dead.

GUIDANCE FOR CATHOLICS.

Forecast of the Pope's Jubilee Encyclical Letter.

[*Press Dispatch.*]

A Rome dispatch gives the following forecast of Pope Leo XIII's jubilee encyclical letter, or political testament. It has been approved by a committee of the College of Cardinals and will shortly be promulgated. It commences with recalling the recent demonstration upon the occasion of the jubilee of his Holiness as evidence of Catholic unity, and says that, imitating Christ, who, on the eve of his ascension, prayed that his disciples be united, he, the Pope, at the end of his life, desires to invite all men, without distinction of race or country, to enter the church. Referring to the heathens his Holiness prays that God will increase the number of devoted missionaries who will continue to propagate the faith. The encyclical then deals with Christian countries and expresses grief at the schisms and animosities which have torn flourishing countries from the bosom of the church, and the hope is expressed that divine pity and omnipotence will bring them back to the fold. The Pope then addresses the Eastern churches, recalling the fact that their ancestors recognized the Roman pontiff, admits that they are well disposed toward Catholics, and promises that their rites and patriarchal privileges will be maintained in the event of union with the Roman Catholic church.

His Holiness then appeals to the Protestants and points out that they have no fixed rule of faith or authority, asserting that many of them even deny the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the scriptures and end by falling into naturalism and materialism. He names enlightened Protestants who ended by returning to Catholicism, and exhorts others to return to the church in order that all may have the same faith, hope and charity. The encyclical next refers to the movement in certain countries against the church, enjoining Catholics to shake off sloth in view of this hostility, and to submit entirely to the tutelage of the church, whose mission is to teach and to legislate in regard to things falling under its jurisdiction, without being subservient to any and at the same time exciting the envy of none. The church can pursue the work of guiding men in the fulfillment of their duties, as it is animated by the spirit of accord toward the civil powers, and willingly concludes pacts with them.

The Pope makes a veiled reference to the friction between church and state in Italy by deploring the revival of acts of oppression which animated ancient royalties against the church. His Holiness condemns the Freemasons, claiming that they are the enemies of religious unity, and especially denounces their so-called audacious activity in Rome. Further, he calls upon Italy and France to shake off the despotism of Freemasonry in order that religious concord may exorcise the evils of war, holding that Europe presents the appearance rather than the reality of peace, and that education in husbandry, the arts, and commerce is seriously menaced.

The encyclical concludes with recalling the former encyclical on the social question, declaring that liberty and the people can be made to harmonize with power and the rulers, whatever form of government exists, as the right to command and the duty of obedience proceed from God, to whom the rulers must account for their stewardship. The Pope strongly appeals to the latter to foster religious unity, in order that the close of the present century may not resemble the stormy end of the last century.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

FRANCE IN MOURNING.

SORROW OVER THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

While Being Driven to a Theatre an Italian Anarchist Plunges a Knife in His Breast in the Presence of a Great Crowd of People.

PARIS, June 25.—The deepest sorrow, dismay, and anger prevails throughout France. The cowardly assassination of President Sadi-Carnot at Lyons is most sincerely deplored by all. The president was being driven to a theatre and the streets were crowded with thousands of people who had gathered to pay their respects to the official head of the nation

MARIE FRANCOIS SADI-CARNOT.

and a trusted and beloved leader. From the ranks of the cheering multitude a young Italian anarchist named Cesare Giovanni Santo hastened to the carriages bearing the president, and under the pretext of presenting a petition, drew near enough to strike with a knife at the heart of his victim. The wounded man was conveyed to the prefecture, where attempts to save his life were made, but they were fruitless, the president breathing his last a 12:45 o'clock.

Anxiety for the Future.

Great anxiety is felt in regard to the future and this will not be allayed until a successor to the late president shall be inducted in the office. With all this is the anger of France at the assassin, whose deadly knife has plunged a nation into grief. Telegrams of sympathy are pouring in upon the family and upon the government. These messages of condolence came from all countries of the world, showing that France is not alone in her sorrow at the death of her president. The newspapers of all shades of opinion print leading articles deploring the assassination of Sadi Carnot. Signs of mourning are general throughout this city and France. All the flags are at half-mast and the public buildings are being draped with crape. Mme. Carnot, accompanied by her two sons, arrived at Lyons and was most respectfully greeted by a large crowd of people assembled about the railroad depot. She proceeded immediately to the prefecture, where the body of the late president now reposes in state.

Scene at the Prefecture.

The apartment at the prefecture in which the body of the late president lies in state presents a most impressive appearance. The remains of the murdered man are clad in a dress suit, and across his breast is the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, of which, as chief of the state, he was grand master. Around the bier are stationed a number of high officers of the president's military household who, with several sisters of charity, have watched

MME. CARNOT.

the remains throughout the night. The prefecture itself is surrounded with troops and a strong detachment of infantry is guarding the building in which Santo, the assassin, is confined. When Mme. Carnot reached the prefecture the death chamber was cleared of all but the family and widow, who had been joined her third son, was left alone with her dead. The late president's family remained for a long time in prayer before the bier, and then the widow was led away by her three sons, all four weeping bitterly.

Anger of the People.

The feeling of public anger which prevails in this city as a result of the assassination, is almost beyond description. On the boulevard scenes of the greatest excitement have been witnessed. The police had the greatest difficulty in dispersing the crowds of wildly angry people who assembled at different points discussing the tragedy, cursing the assassin and calling for vengeance against the murderer and his suposed accomplices. The fact that the assassin is an Italian has given rise to the most dangerously bitter feeling against Italy and Italians and several Italian flags, displayed out of sympathy with France's loss and draped with crape, were hooted at and in one instance pulled down and torn into shreds. In every quarter of Paris fierce demonstrations against the Italian residents have taken place, and as a result nearly all the Italian cafes and restaurants have been closed.

But if the feeling against Italians is strong, the sentiments of hatred with which the majority of the people regard anarchists is still stronger, and is growing hourly in its intensity. Santo, the murderer, has boldly asserted that he is an anarchist, and therefore upon the anarchists are the people pouring the vials of their wrath. Further than asserting that he is an anarchist the prisoner has not apparently made any statement, but it is reported that the police are convinced that the assassination of President Carnot is the result of a carefully planned conspiracy in which a number of people are concerned. This, however, is only a report, as the authorities are engaged in a most exhaustive investigation into the prisoner's past career and recent movements, and no official statement on the subject is likely to be made until this inquiry is completed.

THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON.

The Senate Adjourns Out of Respect to President Carnot's Memory.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The death of President Carnot was the sole theme about the senate and was recalled in a prayer marked by deep feeling delivered by the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the senate. Immediately after the opening prayer Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, offered a resolution of regret and the senate then adjourned in respect to the memory of the dead president. The house also adjourned.

Official announcement of the assassination of President Carnot came to M. Patenotre, the French ambassador to the United State, in two telegrams, the first announcing the attack on the president of the French republic and the second the death of M. Carnot. Secretary Gresham also received a cablegram from United States ambassador Eustis of Paris, reporting that he had been notified by the minister of foreign affairs of the French republic of the assassination of President Carnot and that his successor will be chosen on Wednesday.

Indignation in Germany.

BERLIN, June 25.—The assassination of President Carnot has caused a profound sensation in Berlin. All classes of people are indignant and much sympathy is expressed for France. Emperor William, upon receiving the news at Kiel, immediately telegraphed to Mme. Carnot, expressing his condolence in warmly sympathetic terms. The general public of Germany fully recognizes the gravity of the crime from the political standpoint.

Mourning in England.

LONDON, June 25.—Following the precedent adopted at the time of the death of the late President James A. Garfield the British court will go into mourning for a week out of respect to the memory of the late President Carnot.

TARRED AND FEATHERED.

Outrage Committed Upon Adjutant General Tarsney.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., June 25.—Adjutant General Tarsney was kidnaped from the Alamo hotel a few minutes after midnight by masked men, taken to the suburbs in a hack and there tarred and feathered. The kidnaping caused the greatest sensation and excitement here as soon as the facts became public, and also at Cripple Creek, to which place the telephone company carried the news.

When the officers arrived Mr. Tarsney could not be found and a large party began scouring the prairie in search of him.

The hack drivers, Sherman Crumley and Jean McKinney, have been arrested and released on their own recognizance, as they declare they do not know any of the kidnapers and were forced at the point of revolvers to take the party to Austin Bluff. Crumley, who owns both hacks, says one masked man remained with Tarsney ostensibly to show him the way back to the city. Some of the men wanted to kill Tarsney, but their leader held them in check. Tarsney thanked this man and shook hands with him. A citizens' meeting has been called to denounce the outrage.

DENVER, June 25.—Governor Waite has received a dispatch from General Tarsney, who is at Palmer Lake, twenty-five miles from Colorado Springs. He will be met there by the governor's special train and brought to Denver. The special train arrived at Palmer Lake at 1:40. General Tarsney was taken on board and is now on the way home. He is badly tarred and dazed, but not seriously hurt.

PULLMAN EMPLOYES QUIT.

Those Employed at St. Louis and Ludlow, Ky., on Strike.

CINCINNATI, June 25.—The two hundred employes of the Pullman company at Ludlow, Ky., went on strike in pursuance of orders from Chicago and will remain out until the company consents to arbitrate the difficulties in dispute. It is stated by some of their number that the boycott to be begun Wednesday will be the most sweeping labor movement of the kind ever inaugurated in this country.

ST. LOUIS, June 25.—The employes of the Pullman Sleeping Car company's works in this city went out on strike in accordance with a plan which is understood to embrace the Pullman shops all over the country. The strikers number 365 men and twenty women.

Prendergast's Trial Begun.

CHICAGO, June 25.—The trial of Patrick Eugene Prendergast on the charge of insanity was formally begun in Judge Payne's court. The entire session was devoted to the opening arguments to the jury made by Attorney Gregory for the defense and Attorney Trude for the state. During the addresses Prendergast was unusually quiet. He did not interrupt the proceedings by a single remark.

Accident at a Ball Game.

TOLEDO, O., June 25.—William Weber, aged 19, was watching an amateur game of ball. He got to close to the batters. One of them happened to let his bat slip and the heavy end hit Weber's temple, completely knocking the eye out and inflicting so severe a wound that death will result.

Huns Keeping Under Cover.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 25.—The situation has not changed since the arrival of the troops. The infantry is patrolling the roads and the cavalry is scouring the country, but the rebellious Huns and Italians are keeping under cover. No trouble is expected.

Won the American Derby.

CHICAGO, June 25.—The largest crowd in the history of the Washington Park club race track witnessed the running of the great American derby. The race was won by Rey El Santa Anita, Senator Grady second, Despot third; time, 2:36.

The Albion Colliery Disaster.

CARDIFF, Wales, June 25.—A dispatch from Pont-y-Pridd says that 172 bodies have been recovered from the Albion colliery near Cilfind, the scene of the fire damp explosion of Saturday.

WAR TO THE KNIFE

A. R. U. Fight Against the Pullman Company.

BOYCOTT OF THE CARS BEGINS.

The Object of the Warfare to Bankrupt the Great Car Builder, Says Howard—Railways Declare Their Position and Decide to Stand Firm Against Debs—Prospects at Pittsburg and Cincinnati—The Union's Plan of Campaign.

CHICAGO, June 26.—At noon today the American Railway Union begins its fight against the Pullman Palace Car company. Orders for the boycott have been issued to local branches of the organization and preparations are complete for what it is said may be the greatest railway fight in history. The preliminary skirmishes at Ludlow, Ky., and St. Louis leave the Pullman company with only its shops at Wilmington, Del., to conduct repairs on its cars. The officers of the Union are jubilant over the news from Ludlow and St. Louis, and make more confident claims of victory than at any time during the strike.

Pullman Issues a Statement.

The Pullman company has issued a statement regarding the strike and the proposed boycott. After reviewing the situation and stating that the strikers have already deprived themselves of more than $200,000 in wages the document concludes with the statement that the boycott is threatened because the company will not agree to submit to arbitration the question as to whether or not it shall operate its shops at Pullman under a scale of wages which would cause a daily loss to it of one-fourth of the wages paid.

Railways Will Fight the Move.

Anticipating the threatened boycott against Pullman cars by the American Railway Union the general managers of all the roads which have terminals in Chicago have practically decided that either Pullman cars will go out with trains or the trains will remain in the stations until they can go with their usual Pullman equipment. This decision was reached by the general managers' association, which was called together at special meeting for the purpose of considering the proposed boycott.

At Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

A telegram from Cincinnati, referring to the strike in the Pullman shops at Ludlow, Ky., and St. Louis, says that if the afterclap of a boycott on Pullman cars is carried out no sleepers will go out on trains from Cincinnati except on the Big Four, which does not use Pullmans. At Pittsburg a dispatch says the order to boycott Pullman will have little effect. While thoroughly sympathizing with the Pullman employes the local railroad employes, according to interviews with a number of them, do not look with favor on the project to refuse to handle Pullman cars, with a possible loss of their situations.

PLANS OF THE BOYCOTTERS.

They Propose to Bankrupt George M. Pullman, They Say.

Vice President Howard is detailed to do all the talking for the union here, and he painted a rosy picture of victory. "We are going to bankrupt George M. Pullman," said he, "and we are going to do it in a short space of time. This is no idle talk. We have shut up his works at Ludlow and St. Louis, and we shall be able to close his last door at Wilmington by next week. He will be rendered completely helpless inside of ten days unless he comes to terms before that time.

"As to the boycott I will say that we will cut off Pullman cars in this city, but I cannot tell on what roads the move will be instituted. It is very true that on many lines having terminals in this city we are not organized, and many others do not use Pullman cars, yet there are enough corporations pulling them which will be fought to the bitter end. If we do not catch them going we shall catch them coming.

"We cannot stop the Pullmans on the Burlington going out of here, but we can cut off every one that leaves Deaver over the Burlington. So with the Alton. We can tie up their trains at St. Louis, though we are unable to do so here. The same conditions apply to the Santa Fe. That road may send its cars to the Pacific coast, very well, but they will never come back if we wish it so. We are in this fight to win and win we must."

Situation on the Gogebic.

IRONWOOD, Mich., June 26.—Two thousand five hundred Gogebic range mine employes are idle now in consequence of the receiver of the Colby mine closing that property. A mass meeting of non-union miners from the first opposed to strike is called for this afternoon. They want to go to work at once, and will ask the companies for protection should the unionists attempt to prevent resumption.

Decided to Remain Idle Awhile.

MINONK, Ills., June 26.—A meeting of miners was held here and the miners of the Chicago and Minonk Coal and Tile works company decided that they would not return to work yet awhile.

Montana Populists in Convention.

DEER LODGE, June 26.—The Populist state convention which met here contained 849 votes, five counties out of twenty-one not being represented. The platform adopted reaffirms the well-kuown Populist doctrines. There were only two officers for which nominations were to be made—associate justice of the supreme court and representative in congress. George W. Reeves was nominated for justice and R. B. Smith, of Helena, for congress.

Accident to Edison.

NEW YORK, June 26.—While Edison, the inventor, was sitting on the porch of his boarding house at Ogden, N. J., where he was attending to some business, his chair gave way and he was thrown backward, striking heavily. He thought he was not hurt, and no bones were broken, but since then he has been unable to leave the house and fears of some internal injury are entertained.

Forty-Two Drowned in the Nicol.

NEW YORK, June 26.—Forty-five persons remain unaccounted for from among the excursionists on the tug Nicol, which sank off the Jersey coast. The World, after careful inquiry, places the number of drowned at forty-two.

Nominated for Congress.

PEORIA, Ills., June 26.—George O. Barnes, of Lacon, Marshall county, was nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Fourteenth district on the twentieth ballot here.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings in the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—In the senate, on motion of Hill to substitute $2,000 for the $4,000 of exemption from the income tax, the vote was 26 yeas to 38 nays. Hill then moved to make the limit of exemption from the income tax $1,000 instead of $3,000. The vote was 18 yeas and 21 nays.

On Hill's amendment to change the date on which the income tax provision goes into effect, from Jan. 1, 1895, to January, 1896, and the date of its expiration from 1900 to 1901, the yeas were 26 and nays 41.

Vote on the Limit at $3,000.

The detailed vote on the amendment fixing the limit at $3,000 was as follows: Yeas—Aldrich, Allison, Carey, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dubois, Frye, Gallinger, Hale, Hansbrough, Higgins, Hill, Hoar, Irby, Lodge, Manderson, Mitchell of Oregon, Morrill, Patton, Peffer, Perkins, Platt, Power, Proctor, Quay, Sherman, Shoup, Teller, and Washburn—total 30. Nays—Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Caffery, Call, Cockrell, Coke, Dolph, Faulkner, George, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Harris, Hawley, Hunter, Jarvis, Jones of Arkansas, Kyle, Lindsay, McPherson, Martin, Mills, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Morgan, Murphy, Palmer, Pasco, Pugh, Roach, Smith, Turpie, Vest, Vilas, Voorhees, Walsh and White—Total 38.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Speaker Crisp returned to the Capitol after a week's absence on account of sickness and called the house to order, his entrance into the chamber being the signal for a burst of applause. Senate amendments to the house bill to charter the supreme lodge of Knights of Pythians were concurred in. Senate bill making Labor Day a legal holiday was ordered to lie on the speaker's table for the present.

By an order adopted several weeks ago Saturday afternoon was set apart for eulogies on the late Representative George W. Houk of Ohio, but at the request of Outhwaite the date was postponed to Saturday, July 7. Prior to going into committee of the whole to consider the deficiency appropriation bill a report was made in the contested election case of Thomas Watson against J. C. C. Black of the Tenth congressional district of Georgia, deciding in favor of Black the incumbent.

The house has passed the anti-option bill.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Lizzie Halliday to Die in the Electrical Chair.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., June 23.—Mrs. Lizzie Halliday, who has been on trial here for several days, charged with the killing of Mrs. Susan J. McQuillan, was found guilty of murder. There were pending against her indictments for the murder of Mrs. McQuillan's daughter, whom she

MRS. HALLIDAY.

killed at the same time as the mother, and for the murder of her own husband. The defense was insanity. The woman was sentenced to die by electricity during the week beginning Aug. 6. The condemned woman showed not the least evidence that she understood what was going on in the court room and exhibited, as she has throughout the entire trial and since her imprisonment, an appearance of imbecility that has impressed many as genuine.

THIRTY-SIX PERISHED.

Result of the Capsizing of a Boat Loaded with Excursionists.

NEW YORK, June 25.—How many person were drowned by the capsizing of the tug James D. Nicol off Sandy Hook is not yet known. The excursionists were from all over the east side—from College Point, Brooklyn, and even from Hoboken, and it is probable that some of those drowned will never be reported or heard from again. The catastrophe is made more harrowing by the fact that most of the men were married and leave large families. It is thought that not less than thirty-six perished. So far, however, only a few bodies have been recovered. Those identified are Frank Dunn, Herman Evard, —— Keyser, Thomas Massen, Walter Buckridge.

The two last named lived in Brooklyn; the others in New York. Among the missing are the following, all of New York: Frank McAleer, William Moor, Albert Pabst, Frederick Vohling, Solomon Griesman, Christian Zahn.

The pilot house of the tug was washed ashore at Highland Beach, and so was a portion of the life raft. Among the wreckage washed ashore at Parkertown are two kegs of beer.

Hanging at Columbus, O.

COLUMBUS, June 23.—William Whaley, colored, aged 19, was hanged in the penitentiary annex for the murder of Allen Wilson in Greene county. Whaley went through the trap at 12:14 and life was pronounced extinct in sixteen minutes, death being from strangulation. Whaley met his fate without the least sign of nervousness.

Ship Canal in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, June 22.—The Times-Star's special from Springfield gives a letter from Senator Brice to Secretary Nichols of the state board of trade pledging his support for an appropriation for the survey of a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Ohio river.

Heir to the British Throne.

LONDON, June 25.—The Duchess of York has given birth to a son. He will be given the title of Earl of Kent.

Cigarette Law Constitutional.

COLUMBUS, O., June 23.—The supreme court has declared the cigarette law constitutional.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 22.—George Williams, a day laborer, employed in cleaning out a street cistern, was overcome by gas escaping from an adjacent main. Reuben King, colored, who was assisting above ground, descended to rescue Williams, and he, too, was overcome. The hook and ladder portion of the fire department was called out, and several firemen were nearly suffocated in attempting to rescue the unfortunate men. Finally a man stepped out from the crowd and volunteered to go down into the cistern and bring the men to the top.

A rope was tied about him, a sponge was fastened over his mouth, and he was then lowered. He succeeded in tying a rope around each man and then all were brought to the surface. Williams died a few minutes later. King is unconscious but may recover. The hero turned out to be Wils Harmstrom, a ragpicker from Peoria, who has served three years in the penitentiary. He was unconscious for some time but will recover.

Been Swindling Hotel Keepers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 22.—W. C. Thompson, of Providence, R. I., who with headquarters at St. Louis has been swindling thirty or forty hotel keepres in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri by writing them under fictitious names and having them pay sums of money on express packages sent to them C. O. D., and representing that he would be at their hotel and receive the package and then securing the money from the Express company, entered a plea of guilty in the United States district court to using the mails for a scheme to defraud. He will receive a penitentiary sentence.

Strikers Sentenced to Jail.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 25.—Judge Allen, in the United States circuit court, in the cases of the Mt. Olive miners charged with contempt of court in interfering with trains of the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis railroad, a railroad in possession of court, sentenced thirteen of them to jail for from twenty to ninety days. Thirty were discharged and twelve of them were immediately rearrested by Sheriff McNeil, of Macoupin county, and taken to Carlinville, where they are indicted for participating in a riot at Gillespie.

Fatal and Devastating Storm.

ALEDO, Ills., June 23.—The worst storm in years visited this city. Much damage was done to trees and buildings by the wind. The barn of Eli Detwiler was struck by lightning and burned. Two young ladies at the risk of their lives saved a valuable team of horses and two vehicles. Rev. Furguson, residing at Sunbeam, nine miles south, was killed by lightning. It is reported that Frank Harvey, residing near Pomeroy, nine miles northwest, was killed by lightning.

Useless Troops To Be Mustered Out.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 25.—Governor Altgeld has issued general order No. 10 to the state militia, in which he says the state troops are for emergency only, and to be of use must be located at points accessible to all railroads in the state. If transportation facilities are poor, the service of the companies is crippled. All companies thus located and who give no promise of high degree of usefulness are to be mustered out of the service.

Woman Burned to Death.

DANVILLE, Ills., June 25.—While making a fire in the stove Mrs. John Edwards, of Fairmount, this county, used coal oil. The can exploded, setting fire to her dress and she was burned to a crisp. Her husband in endeavoring to save her was fatally burned and will die. The house was burned down.

Shot His Wife for a Burglar.

AURORA, Ills., June 25.—Frank Bonghur, a shoemaker in this city, shot and instantly killed his wife, mistaking her for a burglar. The husband is now almost crazed with grief and a grown daughter went into convulsions over the shooting affair and may not recover.

Gave Birth to Four Babies.

JOLIET, Ills., June 25.—The wife of John Freese, living three miles south of Joliet, gave birth to four babies, two boys and two girls, well developed and all alive. Last week a neighbor, Mrs. Casper Herbst, gave birth to triplets.

Suffocated by Sewer Gas.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 22.—While cleaning out a street cistern George Williams, aged 35, married, was suffocated by sewer gas and died. Reuben King, another workman, died later from the effects of the gas.

Women Put on the War Paint.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 25.—The women have put on war paint at Walston. They massed themselves and made a charge upon the work train, but before any serious damage was done the guards drove them off. At noon Captain Clarke, who has charge of the coal and iron police at Horatio, was in Adrian and a mob of angry women pounced upon him and before the militia could interfere they gave him a severe beating. Stones were thrown at General Manager Fisher's train at this place while he was being taken to Altoona to attend a meeting of the mine operators.

Jury Could Not Agree.

MASON, Mich., June 26.—The jury in the case against Attorney General Ellis, charged with altering voting returns on an amendment increasing his own salary, announced they cannot agree. They have been out since Saturday afternoon.

Many Killed by a Cyclone.

WICHITA, Kan., June 26.—A cyclone struck the town of Keighly, Butler county, Kan., last night, nearly wiping it out of existence. A courier on horseback reports many killed.

The Rev. A. J. Howard, a Seventh Day Adventist, has been arrested at Annapolis, Md., for working in his garden on Sunday.

A. L. Davis, agent of the Northern Mutual Life Insurance company at Altoona, Pa., who got away with $3,000 of the company's funds, has been arrested in San Francisco.

Henry Holst, a wealthy German resident of Perham, Minn., was found shot to death at his home, presumably by robbers.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Michael Harrigan was sentenced at Valparaiso, Ind., to six years in the penitentiary for complicity in the postoffice robbery at Boone Grove.

Because City Attorney Hamilton of Milwaukee refused Reporter Kerr a piece of news which he gave another, he was soundly thrashed.

At a barn raising in Denton, Mich, a timber fell, striking James Harrington on the head and killing him almost instantly.

Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton paid a fine of $10 in New York city for neglecting to record the certificate of the marriage of Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge and Mrs. Wing.

John E. Walker died at Moline, Ills., from over exertion on a bicycle.

Secretary Smith has decided to maintain an Indian warehouse in Chicago in spite of adverse action in the house.

Montreal has offered the Grand Trunk $1,000,000 bonus for elevating its tracks where it crosses the Canadian Pacific.

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Frank E. Allen, president of the First National bank of Estherville, Ia., was appointed receiver of the American Investment company of Emmettsburg.

A battle between deputies and a mob of strikers took place near Mary Lee, Ala. Many shots were exchanged, and the miners were routed, carrying away several wounded men.

A convention at Nashville decided to hold an exposition in 1896 to celebrate the centennial of Tennessee's statehood.

The homeopathists in session at Denver have resolved to erect a monument to Hahnemann to cost $50,000. It will be erected in Washington and unveiled in 1896.

John Ashbrook, 15 years old, was drowned while bathing in the river at Ashbrook, Ind.

Albert M. Brady, of Urbana, Ills., while temporarily insane tried to hang himself, but was cut down in time by his wife. He then slashed his throat in a frightful manner and is in a dangerous condition.

* * *

Congressman MacDannold has introduced a bill appropriating $50,000 for the construction of a public building at Monmouth, Ills.

Charles Hagen of New Orleans, president of the National Association of Seamen, has disappeared while en route from Washington to his home. He had in his possession a large sum of money and his family fear he has been murdered.

Robert P. Linderman, president of the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron company, is favorably mentioned for the presidency of the Lehigh university. Mr. Linderman is only 33 years old and is a graduate of Lehigh. It is said that his ambition is to be president of the Lehigh Valley railroad.

Young John Jacob Astor, in his new house facing Central park, has carved in marble on the outside his own bust, his wife's, his baby's, his father's, his grandfather's, and ever so many more.

Report is made of a severe earthquake at Oran, Algeria, but no loss of life is mentioned.

* * *

James Thomas was overcome by heat at Huntington, Ind., and cannot recover. The mercury stood at 100 in the shade.

William Hatfield was caught under a load of brick at Goshen, Ind., and was fatally hurt.

Putnam county, Ills., Democratic delegates have been instructed for Black for United States senator.

New men are being imported into the Pennsylvania coke regions in such numbers that half the ovens are practically in operation.

Winfield Scott, horse trader, died at Madison, Wis., from the wound inflicted by John Denner, a farmer.

Miss Maggie Sharp died at Ann Arbor, Mich., of injuries received by being accidentally hit on the head by a base ball.

Foster, on trial for the murder of Judge Morgan at Water Valley, Miss., has been warned that if acquitted he will be killed.

Wert Dent and O. P. Wright of Crawford county, Ga., quarreled. One used a knife and the other a pitchfork. Both will die.

* * *

Charles Elliott, 20 years old, committed suicide at Lake City, Ia., by shooting himself. No cause is known.

The Minneapolis Evening Journal company has purchased The Times of that city for $160,000, and will run it as an independent morning paper.

Professor Mendenhall, superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey, has resigned his position.

Rev. Mr. Furguson of Sunbeam, Ills., was killed by lightning. Several horses and other stock were killed.

During an electric storm at Clinton, Ia., Oscar Watson, aged 17, was instantly killed by lightning while plowing in a cornfield.

Liggett's spring and axle works at Allegheny have been closed down on account of a strike of the employes against a 2½ per cent. reduction.

Joseph Slates of Helena, O., was seized by cramps while bathing in a pond and drowned.

Henry Woodford, colored, was sentenced to two years in the workhouse at Indianapolis for abuse of Earl Jackson, a white boy. The abuse consisted of hazing, a custom at the factory where the two worked.

Weak and Poor

In flesh, had a cough all the time, and sometimes I could not lie down for I was so distressed, short of breath. I consulted seven physicians, and the conclusion was that I certainly had

Consumption

and my case was hopeless. One physician advised me to go either south or to Colorado, as I could not live in the north. My husband was in the drug business and sold out to go away, but a friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and

Mrs. R. Stone

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

have improved rapidly in health ever since I began with it, and am now able to do my own work. I feel like a new person." MRS. F. O. STONE, Geneva, Ohio.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAPPED.

I sat on the edge of the sill and slid down, expecting to land safely on the spot which I had poled and probed with the butt end of my rod, but it proved to be a false bottom or not the bottom at all. Whatever was the obstruction at this point, it gave way before my descending weight. It was, in fact, an accumulation of debris gathered around certain rotten branches that had stuck here in the entrance, lying transversely along the incline. I broke through all this with a loud crackling of broken timber and continued to slide or indeed rush down a still steeper incline descending into the darkness, and when I believed that I was being precipitated into eternity I fell into a soft mass of what seemed dry seaweed without sustaining any injury. "Facilis descensus!" I cried as I landed on this soft bed, all my alarm yielding suddenly to a sense of the ridiculous. Seeing the window at such a moderate distance above my head, I had not the least doubt that even if the slope should prove too sheer I could easily swarm or clamber up at the point where this slope met the walls of the cave. The moment I found my feet I was bent all on exploration. I struck a match and by its transient and faint light sought to inspect the fabulous smuggler's storehouse. I continued to light one match after another. Eventually gathering all the remainder in a little bundle, I ignited them in order that by their united blaze I might see as much as was possible under the circumstances. When they had burned out and I had thrown away the stumps, I had seen almost nothing. I bethought me of the return journey and that it would be better to make haste, for it would be ill work groping my way home in the dark along the face of that sheer cliff. I tried to swarm up the incline, but failed. I thought of a cockroach in a glass trap and laughed. I had often watched with some faint glimmerings of pity and compunction the futile efforts of these black gentry to

I sought to inspect the fabulous smuggler's storehouse.

climb the smooth sides of their prison. My own futile efforts to climb the slope suggested a ludicrous resemblance to the frustrated energies of those insects. Again and again I addressed myself to different parts of the smooth slope, but nowhere could secure a purchase for hands or knees. "At revocare gradum superasque evadere ad awras. Hic labor, hoc opus," I murmured. I was not yet alarmed; yet, as if far down in the depths of my nature, I was conscious of a dim formless emotion which I never experienced before.

Still certain that I would in some way escape, I sought the point where the incline abutted on the wall of the cave, sure that I could get up in the angle so formed by the support of the craggy sides there. I tried first on the left. Here, however, the incline seemed to break off sharp. I found this out of course by my sense of touch. Then, creeping over huge smooth bowlders and the aforesaid heaps of seaweed, I reached the other wall and found it ragged indeed and abutting on the incline, but at this point the incline was almost sheer. In short, I could not ascend. The faroff emotion, scarcely perceptible when I quoted those hackneyed lines from Virgil, was now fast getting the upper hand in my mind. Nevertheless I made frantic efforts to ascend, but all in vain. Again I thought of the cockroach in the glass trap—the wretched insects clambering and sliding on the smooth walls of their prison. But I did not laugh this time. I was, too, like them. Yet I did not in the least despair of getting out—if not tonight, which was improbable, then tomorrow. I knew that there were many devices to be tried yet. For one thing I thanked God sincerely—the place where I fell was carpeted thick with seaweed. On each side there was none. Whatever the gales or the crests of great waves in winter had thrown in had been washed down through the interstices of the great bowlders and probably escaped at some lower point in the cliff's sides. I sat down on this providential seaweed to collect my thoughts. I filled my pipe and then searched all my pockets, hoping somewhere to discover a match, for I used to keep loose matches indifferently in all my pockets and often had found one hidden somewhere in the lining. My search was bootless. I had not a match left.

It was growing dark rapidly. I had no time to lose, for even if I were to effect my escape from this infernal cave I would require daylight for the return journey along that dangerous cliff road. I proceeded at once to gather together all the seaweed that I could lay my hands on and piled it up in a heap against the incline. As the heap rose my heart rose with it. There seemed an abundance of seaweed. I could feel it thick under my feet. Its crackling sounded pleasantly, for it was very dry. Still I had to go farther and farther into the cave for each armful, or barth, to use a local word, for it did not lie everywhere, but, as it were, in a line running inward from the middle of the incline. Here, then, lay a road of seaweed a few feet wide, but on either hand only bare stones. It was now getting so dark that I at last determined to give over this labor, for it would be sheer madness to attempt the return journey in the dark. A sinister suspicion, too, was growing in my mind that the supply of seaweed was giving out. My last armfuls represented a good deal of groping. The seaweed only seemed to be really abundant close under the window. I did not wish to make my suspicion a certainty by putting the facts to too close a test. The thought of the anxiety and alarm of my parents and family, as may be imagined, contributed a good deal to my unhappiness. When I ceased working, I began to grow cold, and soon very cold. The seaweed was quite dry and crisp. I piled a great deal of this over me by way of bed clothes, and, thanks to youth and health, ere long fell sound asleep in spite of my troubles. When I awoke, it was broad daylight, and the level rays of the sun streamed far into the interior of the cave, which seemed of vast extent. Indeed I guessed as much on the previous night as I listened to the reverberations of my voice in its abysmal hollows. Starting up, I at once renewed my task of collecting seaweed with the object of ascending the incline by its aid.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT TO GET OUT.

Presently I found that I had already collected nearly all the seaweed that was procurable at this end of the cave. But after my first sense of disappointment I did not so much mind this, for I expected to meet with plenty of stones such as one usually or often finds in the interior of such caves. All such pebbles, however, as I could see seemed quite too large to lift. I did not doubt, though, that I could somewhere find removable pebbles in sufficient quantity to build up for myself a sort of scaling ladder against the mouth of my prison. Yet I went to the extreme limit of the daylight without finding such, and afterward penetrating the sheer darkness groped about in all directions without success. Everywhere I scrambled only over large bowlders. Still groping forward in the darkness, urged now by the fury of despair, I found myself suddenly cut off altogether from even a view of the window. I had gone round some angle of rock and was immersed in dense darkness. I gave myself up for lost, and having searched around in vain without perceiving anywhere a ray of light sat down and—well, not to be too proud, wept long and bitterly. Then, praying fervently and thinking with such feelings as may be imagined of the opening line of that little familiar collect, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord!" which I had so often repeated with little or no thought of its meaning and which was now naturally brought to my remembrance, I searched again for the light, clambering recklessly over the bowlders, and at length to my extreme joy perceived a faint ray of light. Moving toward it, I suddenly caught sight of Curry's Window, and however I might have been inclined to curse that sinister aperture now sincerely blessed it and the level rays which shot through it into the inner gloom. I thought of Milton's line, "Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven's first born!" I may mention here that I was very fond of poetry and had stored away a great deal of it in my memory, so that I could repeat a vast number of the English lyrics and even long passages from Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. This intellectual provision or accomplishment, or whatever it may be called, proved a great blessing to me in my miserable imprisonment and was probably the means, under God, of preserving my reason. With the rediscovery of heaven's blessed light, hope revived, hope and also hunger. Now for the first time I thought of food, for though nigh famished I had not been quite conscious of it hitherto, owing to the feverish excitement into which I had been thrown. I had with me half a slice of bread, which, knowing that I would not be home till late, I had thrust into one of my pockets before leaving the house. As to water I was safe. Searching round the walls of my prison the previous night, I found the rock upon the right side slippery from wetness, and at one point felt water running against my fingers. Also in the interior somewhere I heard, though far away, the splash of descending water. I ate my bread, and going to the spot where I had felt moving water on the previous night made a cup with my hand, and pressing the inside edge of it against the rock, and doing this again and again, got a good drink of very pure spring water.

I now resolved to search the cave more carefully than I had done before for pebbles such as I could remove, and to be particularly cautious about losing sight of the window. I searched around now for hours, but in vain. Hardly a stone of the kind could I discover. I returned to my bed of seaweed and lay down to rest. I was now painfully conscious of a growing weakness. My excitement was wearing away and the lack of food beginning to tell. It was now about midday. From time to time I shouted as loudly as I could, but only heard for response the mocking echoes and reverberations of my own voice. Knowing that boats were not likely to be passing in the middle of the day, I determined to husband my energies in this direction until the evening. It was now certain that I could not climb out of my prison or within the limits and vicinity of the light procure seaweed or stones in sufficient quantity to make for myself a scaling ladder. My last hope lay in my rod and line. I piled up all the seaweed procurable, took off my clothes and laid them on the top of the heap, and thrusting upward the butt end of the rod endeavored by means of the crook supplied by the reel to secure a purchase upon the sill of the window and so drag myself up out of this pit. If the rod and reel had only been strong enough, I might have succeeded. I was conscious that it was a forlorn hope, but nevertheless made the attempt. I did succeed in getting a grip somewhere at the sill with the reel, but as soon as I began to climb the top joint of the rod gave way. I tumbled down, rolled from the seaweed heap on the bowlders and was much bruised and shaken by the fall. With the portion of the rod which remained in my hands I succeeded in disengaging the rest, which fell back into the cave. I next unrolled the line, doubled it, doubled it again and made a pretty strong rope, which I fastened to the thicker part of the rod and renewed my attempt, this time flinging up the rod and letting it slide back from the sill, hoping that the reel, which was a large one, might catch. The rod and twisted line were indeed strong enough to bear my weight, but I had great difficulty on this occasion in securing a purchase with the reel, and when I did the moment my weight, which was considerable, fell upon the reel the shank went with a loud snap. Again I fell, and the reel tumbling after me rang on the bowlders. All was in vain. I had now tried every imaginable method of escape, and they had all failed. Evening was at hand and the cave nearly blackened at the entrance, and I had grown horribly hungry. I had, however, plenty of pure water, and that was some comfort. Besides some cut tobacco in my pouch, I had also a very large roll of what we used to call "Limerick twist" in my fishing bag. I had bought it at a buckster's on my way to the Dhu-Corrig, not for myself, but as a supply for the men who from time to time might be of service to me. It was the only form of reward that they would accept, ours being a primitive and unsophisticated neighborhood. I had heard of some sort of comfort which was derived from the chewing of tobacco. I cut off a bit of the twist, and after chewing it felt my hunger abated, but also a disagreeable sense of vertigo, accompanied with nausea. Nevertheless these sensations were a relief from the horrible feeling of utter prostration into which I was sinking. Eventually I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRE.

When I awoke, it was still night, but I felt the dawn approaching. I awoke extremely miserable, with a misery which my reflections in the nature of my dismal situation deepened almost into despair. I had now tried all conceivable devices of getting out of this horrible den, and I had eaten almost nothing for 36 hours. I did not dare to pass beyond the precincts of the light in search of stones. My experience of being lost, as I had been yesterday in the darkness, was too terrible. "If I am to perish," I said, "let me perish here in the light"—a sentiment which I know was expressed by some one else before me, I cannot now recall by whom, though I think I knew it then. Every device had failed. Nevertheless as the light grew around me I determined to make one more effort to escape by escalade. I successively attempted the two corners of the incline where it abutted on or approached the rock walls of my prison, but my efforts were still more futile than on the first occasion. I was weak now and strong only in weakness and misery. I drank a great deal of water this day. When night approached, I was too miserable to sleep. I chewed and even swallowed some tobacco, but the succeeding nausea prevented me from doing so again. About midnight, I fancy, I drank water once more and fell into a disturbed slumber, filled with abominable apparitions. When I awoke, it was twilight and most still, serene and beautiful about the faintly illuminated edges of the cave's mouth. I expected this day to be my last, composed my thoughts to death as well as I could and said my last prayers. Nevertheless the strong spirit of life seemed to flicker up within me again, and after I had taken a deep draft of water I sat up on my seaweed couch and searched all my pockets carefully for any stray crumb which might yet linger there, conveying anything that felt like such to my mouth. I was aware of a certain bitterish taste which I detected at once as that of gunpowder. The old canvas jacket which I wore on this occasion was that in which I used to shoot when at home last for the chums' holidays, and some powder had escaped from my powder horn, I fancy. However the powder got there, there it was, and immediately the thought of procuring for myself light and fire arose in my mind. Of timber I had plenty. While handling the seaweed I was conscious of perpetually finding my fingers in contact with bits of wood swept in thither on the same crests of storm billows which had brought the seaweed. Though it was still dark, I groped around industriously, and ere long had collected a considerable quantity of driftwood, large and small, all exceedingly dry and brittle, and some sheer touchwood, which crumbled in my fingers. Choosing a flat stone, I determined to make it my hearth and crumbled there a little heap of the touchwood, making it as fine as dust, and gathered to the same spot some of the timber which I had collected. Then I cut from my trousers a scrap of the woolen cloth and after wetting it rubbed the gunpowder well into its texture. As soon as I thought it was sufficiently saturated, I let it dry, but so eager was I for the experiment that to facilitate the drying process, fastened it to the point of my rod and held it up toward the opening of the cave that it might receive the sun's rays. When it seemed to be perfectly dry, I took it to my hearth, and unfolding my strong claspknife held the rag in my left hand, and with the right using the knife I struck sparks from the edge of a rock, making them fly onto the powder steeped rag. Finding it did not catch fire, I put a little dry powder on the surface of the rag and renewed my efforts. I felt certain of success, because at one time I used to shoot with an old flint pistol which I had accidentally discovered in my father's bureau, and therefore knew how instantaneously such a flying spark will ignite powder. At the second or third stroke the powder blazed up with a puff and an ascending cloud of smoke, and the rag began to burn and crackle gayly. I laid it on the stone and sprinkled lightly over it pinches of the crumbled touchwood, and as this caught fire sprinkled more in larger quantities, but still gradually, knowing that too much fuel would quench the fire. Then I poured on touchwood less finely broken, and as soon as the glowing mass seemed large enough breathed upon it gently and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it burst into a bright flame. My delight can be imagined. I had now the means of exploring the whole cave and of utilizing all its resources, such as they might be, for the purposes of escape or for food, if haply anything in the nature of food might be procured there anywhere. Food indeed had now become an absolute necessity, if I was not to die. I removed a bundle of my collected driftwood to a distant point in the interior and made another fire there, and taking good care not to lose sight of this proceeded to search all around for stone such as I could remove, but found none anywhere save large bowlders, and in one place the hard, bare bed of the cave, which here began to slope downward, not sheer or at a dangerous angle, but very decidedly downward. I also found a sort of pocket in the side of the cave—a cave within a cave—which was filled with old timber all very dry and brittle. Here the cavern seemed to wind and curve leftward. I made another fire at the curve and passed onward. Henceforward there was nothing but the hard rock bed of the cave. Indeed it was too steep for any bowlders to rest here. Lighting one more fire, I discovered a thin rivulet of water falling from the roof or side of the cave—a slender, straight pencil of water. I returned easily along my line of fires to the entrance, feeding them as I went. The driftwood burned so rapidly that I now determined to partially wet the fresh timber which I laid on that it might burn more slowly. Again I went back along my line of fire, examining carefully the wall formation of the cavern, so that even if any of the fires went out I should be able to find my way back to the entrance and the daylight. And yet Curry's Window, as I could not ascend to it, was as cheerless as any other part of the cave. My last interior fire was at the point where the floor of the cavern sloped so rapidly downward. I hastened forward now, with no thought but that of food, no matter what. By this downward way I descended so low that I suspected I must be on a level with the sea. Finding that the light of my last fire seemed faint and dim, I lit another in a dry spot, which was not easy to find, for the ground here was very damp and slippery, owing to droppings from the roof. I then listened, hoping that I might hear the noise of the sea, for I thought that by some cleft the water might penetrate here. If that were so, I might get shellfish, mussels or limpits or edible seaweed, myvane or dilik or sloucan—all edible

It burst into a bright flame.

weeds, whose botanical names even now I do not know. My thoughts were now so low and humble that they were concentrated altogether upon seaweed, edible or not. Any live seaweed would be edible to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John Brook of Nashville, Tenn., wealthy and eccentric, is missing. It is supposed he has been kidnaped by gypsies and is being held for ransom.

In a Leadville, Col., runaway Mrs. J. E. Miller and two children and Mr. and Mrs. G. Lorentz were rolled down an embankment. The 5-year-old daughter of the Millers is fatally hurt and Mrs. Miller is in a critical condition.

AWFUL ABSINTHE.

THE HORRIBLE DRUG WHICH IS POPULAR IN FRANCE.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains of Its Victims—The Wickedest Intoxicant In the World.

During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as the most effective febrifuge.

The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless happy-go-lucky privates grew to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But when absinthe alone began to usurp the time honored place of claret in the affections of the French army the evil became an unmixed one.

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine or an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so widespread through all classes of Parisian society—and Paris gives the cue to France—that Frenchmen of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe tippling as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the use—and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful degree. Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terribly grotesque passion for the pleasant green poison. In one of his mad freaks this minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an odd fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside.

Alfred de Musset, who was the French Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart. Guy de Maupassant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emeraldine flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable. Far worse than alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the fellness of its clutch on poor humanity.

Yet we take it occasionally as an after dinner settler of digestive debts in this country, and quite often as an appetizer or tonic before meals, while in New Orleans, throughout the older quarter, little cabarets, devoted almost exclusively to the sale of it, are quite common.

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so. Absinthe may be technically described as a redistillation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things—potatoes, for instance), in which, to give it the final character, absinthium with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound called absinthin, which is the bitter principle. The alcohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds these volatile oils in solution.

It is the precipitation of these oils in water that causes the rich clouding of your glass when the absinthe is poured on the cracked ice—double emblems or warnings of the clouding and the crackling of your brain if you take to it steadily. Thus every drink of the opaline liquid is an object lesson in chemistry that carries its own moral.

Some barroom Columbus, ambitious to outdo Dante and add another lower circle to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail. A little whisky—the worse the better—a dash of bitters, a little sugar and plenty of iced absinthe make about the quickest and wickedest intoxicant in the world.

The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves. One large dose of the essence of the wormwood indeed has been noted as causing almost instantly epileptiform convulsions in animals. But the drug is not without its uses from a broad point of view. As the name implies, it is an anthelmintic, or a pretty sure cure for certain kinds of animal life that sometimes infest the intestines of men, causing pain and death. This peculiar property was well known to the Greeks, who had a wine infused with wormwood called absinthites.

In some parts of Germany wormwood is used in lieu of hops for the brewing of certain brands of beer, and it unquestionably has valuable tonic properties. Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good—or bad—as any. The duty on French absinthe is very high—$12 a case of a dozen bottles.

The first effects of it are a profound serenity of temper and a slight heightening of the mental powers, coupled with bodily inertia. This is the general rule; but, as a famous physician once remarked of a dreadful disorder in his lecture room, "Gentlemen, the chief glory of the beautiful disease I am now explaining is the remarkable variety of its manifestations."—New York World.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese gentleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining, each individual hair being attached to a flexible fabric. The advantages claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skin. All kinds of fur can be thus transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp. It is obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downward, in contact with the an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfectly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being utilized for leather.

The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material, by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufacture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the hairs to the cement on which they were first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only cemented to the flexible fabric in lieu of the original skin.

The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is obtained.—New York Advertiser.

The Indian Canoe.

What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple. Yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously. We were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water.—Outing.

It Was All Right.

Fashionable New York restaurants would drive a Bowery proprietor to suicide with their apparently lax and reckless business methods. It is the desire of well known resorts to save their patrons from all annoyances and embarrassments. An absentminded man, shortly after he became engaged to be married, invited his fiancee, her married sister and a party to the theater and afterward to supper. He ordered an extremely good supper and was feeling rather proud of the result when it occurred to him that he might have come away from his home without any money. A hurried examination showed that this was just what he had done. Now, no man likes to play the fool before the woman who has recently promised to marry him, and this man immediately felt "panicky." He left the room in a "rattled" condition to make a clean breast of the affair to the cashier. When he reached the desk, the cashier said to him before he could give a word of explanation: "Now, I know just what you are going to say. You have forgotten your pocketbook. Don't think about it for a second. It is all right." The absentminded man went back to his guests with a suddenly improved appetite for supper.—New York Tribune.

Married Life In India.

An educated Hindoo gentleman, a graduate from one of the universities, said to an English friend: "Your government did not know what it was doing when it abolished the burning of wives on their husband's funeral pyre. The fact is, we were obliged to introduce that measure to prevent our wives from poisoning us." This is a beautiful side light on the condition of things in India, and it is a sword that cuts both ways, for it not only reveals the cunning of bad men for their own safety, but shows the sort of husbands they must be whom wives would poison if the penalty were not to be burnt alive!—Boston Woman's Journal.

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JOHN F. FINERTY.
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CHICAGO, JUNE 30, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Bohemian Girl."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"An American Heiress."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE MURDER OF CARNOT.

The cause of civilization and progress has received a severe blow in the tragical death of the late president of the French Republic, M. Sadi-Carnot. The grandson of the "Organizer of Victory," the great war minister of the First Republic, he inherited all of his illustrious progenitor's patriotism, with much of his ability. A civil engineer by profession, he had a scientific mind, and was, by nature as well as by education, a promoter of social order. Succeeding Thiers, the historian and philosopher; MacMahon, the soldier and man of action, and Grevy, the representative of the great French middle class, he combined in himself nearly all that was commendable in his predecessors. He had not the commanding genius of Thiers; he was not a blunt warrior like MacMahon, nor was he as non-sentimental as Grevy, but he succeeded in uniting for the nation's good the diverse and ever warring factions of his country and bending their efforts in the direction of the common weal. Under his regime, the French army attained a degree of strength and perfection worthy of the Grand Army of Napoleon—greater in numbers five-fold, and only needing at its head the genius of the great Corsican to make it invincible in the field. Jealous of the honor of France, he avoided, with admirable skill, unnecessary complications with her watchful enemies, and turned the eyes of his countrymen to the long abandoned field of foreign colonization. In this direction he was successful beyond any of France's more modern rulers. It may be said of him that he was safe and practical, rather than aggressive and brilliant, and the evenness of his disposition, allied to incorruptible integrity, made him respected by his countrymen of every party and degree—always excepting the Red Republicans, in whose ranks are comprized the Internationalists and Anarchists, who would obliterate national boundaries and distinctions and sacrifice all law on the altar of chaos. He, no doubt, fell a victim to the vengeance of these fanatics, whose hatred of him became intense after he refused to commute the capital sentences pronounced against the bomb throwers who lately terrorized the capital.

It is quite probable that Santo, the assassin, is an emissary of the International Reds—not of the Anarchists of Italy alone. The course of President Carnot toward the Italian kingdom was mild and considerate, and no sane person can hold the Italian government or nation responsible for the crime of the dastardly murderer who, in a manner so awful, terminated a life so useful. Assassination is not alone the most brutal but also the most stupid method that can be resorted to for the redress of grievances, real or fancied. The men who struck down in Russia Alexander II, the emancipator of the serfs, did not better their condition by making it necessary for Alexander III, a man of very much fiercer mold, to succeed him. The dagger that struck down Sadi Carnot has no terrors for Casimer-Perier, Dupuy or any other leading French statesman who may be selected to take his place. The act will only help to steel the French people, and all others who abhor insane theories and organized disorder, against the Reds, who will be as remorselessly crushed out as were the demons of the commune who stabbed their country in the back in the hour of her darkest adversity.

It is a shocking state of affairs that places the life of a public man at the mercy of assassins, sane or insane. Two of our presidents, Lincoln and Garfield, were murdered as causelessly as was Sadi Carnot—the first by a drink-crazed partisan, and the second by a crack-brained office-seeker, whose prototype appeared in our city when Carter Harrison fell a victim to the misdirected resentment of a semi-lunatic. It seems to us that President Carnot was very miserably guarded during his visit to Lyons, and that the officer of the escort, who allowed Santo to approach the step of the presidential carriage, is deserving of grave censure. Henry IV of France—Henry of Navarre—perished in a manner almost similar, and General Kleber, Napoleon's great lieutenant in Egypt, also fell a victim to the dagger on the very day that the battle of Marengo was won by the French. Napoleon himself had several narrow escapes from the dagger—notably when Staps attempted his life in Vienna. He offered to pardon the man, if he would express contrition. Staps refused and was executed. Notwithstanding these attempts the great conqueror took few precautions, and often mingled freely with the people. A something in his presence seemed to paralyze the arms of his assailants, at the very moment of action, but then all rulers are not Napoleons, and men holding high office, whether in America or the Old World, cannot be too carefully guarded by those whose duty it is to protect their lives.

The death of Carnot, although unexpected and terrible, will have no bad effect on the future of France. That great nation—the leader of civilization and the eldest child of liberty in Europe—will continue in its new career of power and prosperity, ready to defend its rights, while not desirous of assailing its neighbors. It must be deeply gratifying to the French people in the midst of their sorrow, to know that it was not a French arm that struck the fatal blow against the life of the patriot president. The government of the country possesses sufficient moral and military strength to suppress wild and unjust assaults upon Italians resident in France. These poor people are not responsible for the crime of one ruffian. War between France and Italy would be a calamity, and would lead to political complications that might place the French republic in jeopardy. The soldiers of both nations often fought side by side for liberty or for glory. The rivers that flow from the Alps through the plains of Lombardy tell of the triumphs of Bonaparte. They flow by fields whose names are as inspiringly musical as the war-voice of Bellona—Montenotte, Milisemo, Arcole, Lodi, Castiglione! All tell of the Austrian eagle in felon flight and Italy redeemed. And later days, too, should arise to cement the friendship of these kindred and heroic states. When, in 1859, Austria still preyed on Italy—"the Roman eagle chained"—it was France that declared she "should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic!" The cannon of Montebello, Magenta and Solferino still lingeringly echo amid those mighty barriers which yielded their ice-bound passes only to the legions of Hannibal and the demi-brigades of France. History, tradition, glory and gratitude protest against the unnatural strife. Above the bloody grave of Carnot, the victim not of the Italian but the Anarchist, France and Italy should bury their feud and unite for the honor and the welfare of the splendid Lato-Celtic race, the leaders of mankind in the past as in the preseut.

LATER—M. Cassimer-Perier, president of the chamber of deputies, was elected president of the French Republic at the palace of Versailles on Wednesday. He received 451 out of 853 votes, on the first ballot. The first man to congratulate him was the premier, M. Dupuy, his chief competitor for the honor. In the hands of Cassimer-Perier, the Republic is safe. In the words of Grattan, Esto Perpetua!

TOM MOORE'S GRAVE.

Mr. F. H. Strong, a Scotch gentleman, writing to the *Irish Daily Independent*, under date of June 2, says:

"During a recent journey through the county of Wilts I visited the grave of 'Ireland's National Poet,' in the quiet churchyard of Bromham, and was greatly surprised that no worthy memorial marks the spot where rests the remains of him, the bare mention of whose name, the recital of whose lines, or the singing of whose 'melodies,' arouses enthusiasm in every Irish heart. He whose fame entitled him to an honored place in the spot consecrated to poetic genius sleeps in a quiet grave, covered by a single slab, and the inscription which records that 'Thomas Moore, poet, patriot, and musician,' lies beneath, occupies about one-fourth of the stone, and unless the attention of the wayfarer is directed to it there is nothing to remind him that the 'sweet singer of Erin' reposes beneath.

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

And I feel sure that in this case the absence of a fitting monument is due, not to want of heart, but to want of thought, and that the subject needs but to be brought under the notice of your readers to induce them to make a determined effort to repair the neglect of the past.

"It is not for me to prescribe the method by which this end may be attained, but I am confident that if somebody will make it his special business to take the initiative in the matter, not only will he receive the ungrudging support of the Irish people at home and abroad, but also a generous assistance from English and Scotch admirers of Thomas Moore, among whom I shall feel privileged to take a place."

When even a foreigner, albeit of a kindred race, takes the trouble to visit the grave of Ireland's superb bard, it is a scandal that millions of Irish men and women, the world over, take no interest in the subject. To paraphrase Moore's own glorious melody, commemorating the love of Sarah Curran—

Oh, make him a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow,
They will shine o'er his grave like a smile from the West,
From his own loved Island of sorrow!

SEVENTH REGIMENT PICNIC.

The nineteenth annual picnic of the Seventh Regiment, Illinois National Guard, formerly the Hibernian Rifles, will be held at Ogden Grove on July 4, the 118th anniversary of the declaration of American independence. This gallant corps has recently displayed, in the service of the State, a zeal mingled with patriotic wisdom, which has won the universal praise of the Chicago press, and all self-respecting Irish-Americans cannot fail to be proud of its record. THE CITIZEN hopes to see a very large attendance at the picnic. Addresses will be delivered by Messrs. P. H. Keenan and M. V. Gannon. The music will be furnished by the regimental band—one of the best in the city—and a general good time is anticipated.

DANIEL CORKERY'S DEATH.

Chicago mourns Daniel Corkery. He died on Monday, after submitting to an operation which had become inevitable, and, at the early age of 41 years, closed his accounts with this world. Chicago liked Daniel Corkery. He was born within her precincts, was educated in her schools, and created, like a true-born Chicagoan, a fortune out of nothing but his commercial talent and manly resolution. Few successful men had more restricted early advantages, and none used to better purpose those that he had. He was a model citizen and a zealous politician, two characteristics that do not always run together. We did not agree politically with Mr. Corkery, but we always recognized and respected his honesty of purpose. As a leader of the local Democratic party, he was second to few, if any, of his associates, and more than one prominent city or county official owes his position to the political genius of Mr. Corkery.

Together with being an excellent American, Mr. Corkery, whose parents were born in Ireland, was an earnest sympathizer with the cause of Irish liberty. Like thousands of his fellow-countrymen in this country, he gave liberally of his ample means to free Ireland from the British yoke, although, sometimes, his good heart led him into what we honestly consider misplaced generosity. Such mistakes are human—the errors of impulse—and may call for regret but not for censure. The last act of Mr. Corkery's public career was to act as treasurer for the fund being raised in this city in support of the McCarthy wing of the Irish parliamentary party. His premature death is a severe blow to that movement, because everybody respected the motives of Daniel Corkery and had faith in him as a man of unblemished honor. During his recent visits to Ireland, he became acquainted with many of the leaders of public opinion in that country, and seemed to have acquired a faith in parliamentary methods that he did not previously display. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that his surroundings were mainly conservative, in the Irish, not the English, sense, and he did not get close to the young blood of Ireland. Most of the latter element, who have any respect whatsoever for agitation, favor the Independent opposition policy of Parnell and John Redmond, something that cannot be successfully denied by even leading friends of the other section in this country or in Ireland. Mr. Edward Blake, M.P., seemed to have made a great impression on Mr. Corkery's mind, and it was mainly through his influence that the latter took the stand he did in more recent days.

Although active, as we have said, in politics, Mr. Corkery sought no office for himself, though he was appointed a member of the board of education, and, subsequently, of the election commission. The latter position was distasteful to him and he resigned before completing his term.

Mr. Corkery, from an humble beginning, rose to be president of the Chicago and Indiana Coal Company, and held that office when death came upon him. He was one of the largest coal operators in this city, and his relations with the public were always of the most agreeable nature. Unostentatiously benevolent, he did much, in a quiet way, to relieve the distress that surrounded him, and had the good will of all with whom he came in contact. He was a member of the Sheridan, Columbus, Iroquois and other prominent clubs, and had a host of personal friends among men of all classes and all parties. He will be long missed from the circles which his genial presence brightened. He leaves a widow but no children, his only child—a lovely and promising girl—having died when only 10 years old. This domestic blow saddened Mr. Corkery's life, but he bore the affliction with manly resignation to the will of his Creator. It is only simple truth to say that none among the younger generation of public men recently lost to Chicago has more sincere mourners than Daniel Corkery. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning, and was one of the largest and most imposing mortuary demonstrations ever held in this city. A full account of it will be given in the next issue of this paper.

THE REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

The Republicans last Friday week held their county convention at the 2nd Regiment Armory, and placed their ticket in nomination. Mr. Samuel B. Raymond, who was a prominent candidate for county treasurer, fell short of the requisite number of votes by several hundred. The Republican section represented by Sheriff Gilbert, Ald. Madden, ex-Coroner Hertz, William Lorimer and some others is credited with the shaping of the ticket, which is as follows:

Sheriff—James Pease, Anglo-American.
County Treasurer—D. H. Kochersperger, German-American.
County Clerk—Philip Knopp, German-American.
Probate Clerk—A. O. Cooper, Anglo-American.
Criminal Clerk—Ernest J. Magerstadt, German-American.
Superintendent of Schools—Orville T. Bright, Anglo-American.
County Judge—Orrin N. Carter, Anglo-American.
Probate Judge—C. C. Kohlsaat, German-American.
President of the County Board—D. D. Healy, Irish-American.
County Commissioners—City Districts: South Side, John Ritter, David Martin, Theodore W. Jones. West Side, Gustave Kunstman, Daniel D. Healy, Thomas McNichols, Louis H. Mack, John N. Cunning. North Side, Charles Burmeister, John A. Linn.
County Commissioners—Country Districts, Oscar D. Allen, George Struckman, J. M. Munn, Henry Beers, R. D. Unold.

The Irish have, outside of Healy, one more candidate for the office of county commissioner, Thomas McNichols. The Scandinavians, 90 per cent of whom are Republican, get one man on the ticket—Linn for the county board. All the good things seem to be given to the Anglo and German-Americans, and the same is true of the Democratic county ticket, where the Irish element, which alone makes the Democratic party possible in this city and county, gets only Roger Sullivan for county clerk, and Messrs. Frank Agnew and James A. O'Connell for county commissioners. In fact, the Republicans, seeing that the Irish do not constitute their spinal column, have done nearly as well by them as the Democrats, who, as we have said, owe their existence to them.

RELATED RESOLUTIONS.

The representatives of the United Irish Societies of Chicago, in convention assembled, passed, on Sunday last, a series of resolutions condemnatory of the movement to raise funds for the McCarthyite wing, or any other wing, of the Irish Parliamentary party, unless "union" was first effected. While the sentiment that animated the convention deserves approval, on revolutionary grounds, it seems to us that the passage of the resolutions was simply the old absurdity of locking the stable door after the horse was stolen. The Whig sentiment has been growing here for some time, fostered by a few people who were born scared of the very idea of an Irish nation—people who, judging their countrymen by their own low standard of pride and patriotism, look to England alone for benefits to Ireland. They appeal to the robber to succor the victim. Time was when these abjectists had no power in this city, and, if they have power today, the United Irish Societies are themselves to blame for it. They allowed precious opportunities to go by, and temporized when they ought to have acted with decision. Recriminations do no good, but had these societies rebuked Davitt's despotism in 1886 and supported the ill-fated Parnell, when he appealed to them, in common with all other national Irishmen, not to throw him to the Whig wolves so eager to devour him, in 1891, the Whig element in Chicago would sing small and humble today.

Now, they come forward and say, "You must not do this, until both factions unite." Supposing both factions do "unite," are the United Irish Societies of Chicago prepared to support a new parliamentary movement? Will they take upon themselves that responsibility? We don't think the rank and file of them will, because the rank and file believe, with us, that parliamentary agitation, in alliance with the Whigs, is a fraud, a demoralizer and a curse. Parnell's programme was manly, because it was independent, and Parnell, at heart, was more of a revolutionist than an agitator. Yet, the revolutionary Irish element in America, with a few exceptions, abandoned him to the English wolves, at the bidding of Gladstone, the necromancer, and the Irish Catholic hierarchy, ever the foremost to truckle politically to the English Whigs.

THE CITIZEN believes that the men who subscribe for parliamentary funds now-a-days are throwing their money away, but that is their own business. The thing for the United Irish Societies to do is to improve on the methods of those they criticise, and do something practical that may command the attention of England and the respect of Ireland. As it is, they are simply theorizing. They ought to know, if they don't, that resolutions will not reunite warring factions, and that the union of the McCarthy and Redmond factions, now, would be the union of a pair of maddened tom-cats suspended by their tails, tied together, over a clothesline. How much of either faction would be left, after Tim Healy and Tim Harrington, John Dillon and John Redmond, got through with clawing each other? The intentions of the United Irish Societies of Chicago are excellent, but their performances achieve apparently as little for the Irish cause as any English leader might desire. Let us pluck the beam out of our own eyes first, brethren. We might as well be manly and say right out to the parliamentarians, "Whether you 'unite' or not we will not give you a dollar for helping the English parliament to put chains on Ireland, with a show of Irish concurrence." This would be the plain and direct way of putting it. If the Irish societies mean what they have so often said at Ogden Grove, and elsewhere, they will, even at this late day, declare they have no faith in the gifts of the Greeks. England is only too glad to have Irish representatives in her parliament. They come there as the captive Nunmidians came to the Roman triumphs—to swell the cortege of the conqueror, and dance in their chains.

Too long our Irish hearts were schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
And English tongues that lied.

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No whining tones of weak regret
Young Irish hearts for you,
But let your *deeds* teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS DEMONSTRATION.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards will give their nineteenth annual military picnic and midsummer night festival, on the afternoon and evening of July 4, at Oswald's Grove, 52nd and Halsted streets. These celebrations have always been numerously attended, and it is believed that the attendance this year will eclipse all previous gatherings. Mr. Francis Agnew will preside at the afternoon meeting, and Mr. John T. Keating will deliver the address. The chair will be taken at 4 o'clock p.m. In the evening County Attorney James Maher will preside and Mr. M. V. Gannon will speak. Excellent music will be furnished for the occasion, and there will be no lack of enjoyment, as the arrangements are perfect.

WHY NOT AN IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM?

The *Young Irishman*, published in this city, is animated by a sincere spirit of patriotism. No cant, Whiggery, or humbug of any kind, is to be found in its columns. It is cheering to find the young blood of Ireland, in this country, as well as at home, in favor of honest and manly methods of making Ireland a nation. We think it a pity that the gifted young Irish-Americans, who throng all sections of the city, do not form a Lyceum, where Irish matters can be intelligently discussed in a public manner. No great expense need be attendant upon such a movement, and, indeed, such a body is sadly needed here. The old Irish Literary Association, of which the lamented John J. Fitzgibbon, and the still vigorous A. L. Morrison, now of Santa Fe, N.M., used to be presidents, did more to make the cause of Irish nationality respected in this city than any other medium of which THE CITIZEN has cognizance. Ever since, a few years ago, the Irish-American Club, which had been run on too expensive a basis, passed out of existence, Chicago Irishism has been surrendered to apathy, politics and Whiggery. The Young Guard can remedy this evil. It is shameful that even the universal national holiday of Ireland, St. Patrick's Day, is no longer fittingly celebrated in this city. This disgrace should not recur. Let the Young Guard go earnestly to work, without loss of time, and they will find the Old Guard ready to support them.

DEATH OF G. P. A. HEALY.

Mr. G. P. A. Healy, the renowned Irish-American painter, died at his residence in this city on Sunday morning, in the 81st year of his age. He was born in Boston, Mass., and displayed a genius for portrait painting when only 16 years old. His career was one series of artistic triumph, and he painted successfully the portraits of the rulers of every European country, except Victoria Wettin, during two generations. His most distinguished early patron was King Louis Philippe, of France, and his portrait of that appreciative monarch is considered the best extant. He also painted portraits of the Princes and Princesses of the House of Orleans, and of several of the American presidents and generals. He was a warm friend of the late Col. James A. Mulligan, and his picture of that hero, now in possession of Mrs. Mulligan, is a striking work of art. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, from the residence, No. 387 Ontario street, to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and thence to Calvary. The funeral discourse was pronounced by the Rev. P. J. Agnew, and the requiem high mass was sung by the Rev. J. P. Dore, assisted by Fathers Perry and Scanlon, and a full choir of voices. The honorary pall-bearers were, Col. F. D. Grant, Judge Gary, Thomas B. Bryan, Henry W. King, Dr. Ingles, Dr. Miller, Gen. Hardin, F. C. Wells, and John H. Drury. The active pall-bearers were Messrs. Augar, McElwee, Chittenden, Twose, Lynd and Welles, younger friends of the distinguished dead.

MINE horrors in America are thrown into the shade by the awful accident which occurred on Monday in Wales, in which the lives of over 200 poor workingmen were lost by the explosion of fire-damp in a coal pit.

TWO Chicago police officers are added to the roll of honor this week: Officer John Meahan, who stopped a runaway horse and carriage, in which were several children, near an open drawbridge, and Officer Jacob Marugg, who saved the life of N. Cohn by stopping his runaway horse, at the expense of several broken ribs.

THIS is the season when the swimming and boating idiot pays the usual penalty of cutting into the business of the fool-killer. People who don't know how to swim, and who venture into deep water, are little better than suicides. The awful loss of life at the mouth of New York harbor, by the capsizing of a fishing excursion boat, overloaded as usual, will be no lesson to the public. Greed on the part of owners and recklessness on the part of the people make fat the fishes of the deep. The law in regard to overcrowding is often violated nearer home than New York, and nothing particular will be done about it until some frightful calamity awakens the slumbering attention of the people. Ireland has had two awful experiences of the kind lately—one off the mouth of the Shannon, and the other off the northwestern coast, in which about forty young working people, en route to England, were drowned.

THE Hon. J. Frank Aldrich has been re-nominated for congress by the Republicans of the First District of Illinois.

FRANKLIN MCVEAGH is said to be Mayor Hopkins choice for United States senator from this State. Mr. McVeagh is noted as a "reformer" who never reforms, a street and alley "cleaner" who never uses a broom, and a short-winded fighter all around. Besides, he is the most pronounced specimen of a mugwump living in the West.

"SWEET BILL" SPRINGER has been renominated for congress by the Democrats of the Sangamon county district of this State. "Sweet Bill" is a stayer.

THE "killed-the-girl-he-loved" fiend is abroad again. No woman seems to be safe from this class of maniac, as witness the Reid-Hunt tragedy of the other day. Hunt, the assassin, had the common decency to put a ball through his own frantic brain after doing the dastardly deed. Pity all such wretches do not do likewise, and save the community the expense of hanging them.

A WINNEPEG dispatch, dated June 22, says: "Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, the veteran Northwest Catholic missionary, died at 6:30 this morning. The Archbishop belonged to one of the oldest and most remarkable families of Canada. He was chiefly prominent in Canadian Northwest circles for active interest taken in the Red River rebellion troubles of 1870-'71, and later in '85. He concluded negotiations for settlement of the Riel rebellion troubles, the result of which was satisfactory to the Government of Canada and the old settlers of Assinaboine.

A DISPATCH from Elizabeth, N. J., dated June 26, says that the Hon. John J. Egan, ex-speaker of the New Jersey assembly, died that day after a long illness. Mr. Egan was 51 years of age. He was, at one time, the leader of the Irish movement in New Jersey, and was a member of the Roberts-Sweeney wing of the Fenian Brotherhood. He also took a prominent part, as a Democrat, in the politics of his state. He was, at one time, quite wealthy, but financial reverses rendered him comparatively poor. All who knew Mr. Egan will sincerely mourn his death.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

Interesting Graduating Exercises at Central Music Hall—Archbishop Feehan Presides.

The graduating exercises of St. Ignatius College were held at Central Music Hall Wednesday evening. Despite the intense heat the attendance was very large. Archbishop Feehan presided. Many prominent clerics and laymen occupied the stage with his Grace. An excellent literary and musical programme was presented, and each number elicited prolonged applause. The leading participants in the exercises were Timothy E. O'Shea, Michael V. Kannally, Hobert P. Young, James J. Donoghue, Joseph H. Finn and Vincent J. Walsh. The degrees and honors were conferred by the archbishop. Dr. John B. Murphy, M.D., received the degree of bachelor of arts, and the following students, having completed their classical course, made up the class of '94: Hobert P. Young, Timothy E. O'Shea, Michael V. Kannally, James J. Donoghue, Joseph H. Finn and Vincent J. Walsh. Certificates of having finished the scientific course in the college were handed to Daniel Tracy, Francis Duggan, James Fay, Thomas Clarke and W. Francis Fitzgerald. The Bremner $100 annual prize was divided between a student of Creighton College, Omaha, and Michael V. Kannally, of St. Ignatius College. Gold medals were awarded to the following: Hobert P. Young, oratory; Dolamore D. Henry, and Richard Gannon, of the seniors and John T. O'Brien and Arnold D. MacMahon, of the juniors, elocution.

The Earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

GAELIC SPORTS.

Lively and Interesting Football Game Between the Emmet and O'Brien Gaelic Athletic Clubs.

A Dashing Hurling Match Between the Innisfails and the Sarsfields.

There was a large crowd of spectators at the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue last Sunday afternoon, to witness warmly contested games of football and hurling. The first was a game of football between the Emmets and O'Briens, and the second a hurling match between the Innisfails and Sarsfields. The *Herald* gives the following account of the games:

The Emmets and O'Briens lined up at 3:30 o'clock. The O'Briens won the toss for sides and chose to play towards the south goal, with a slight breeze in their favor. O'Brien and Carney sent the ball into the O'Briens' ground. Some lively scrimmages took place. The O'Briens' goal was threatened for a few minutes, but King and Kelleher, backed up by Shea, relieved the pressure, and Burke, Durkin and Lehane swept the ball into Emmet ground. Fitzgerald was awarded a free kick, which was stopped by Myles The O'Briens had the better of it for some time, during which Wood, Fitzgerald and Wixted displayed some very good play. It was neutralized by the able backing of C. Murphy, and M. Norris and by the swiftness of P. Ryan and J. J. Sisk. It was plain that the teams were evenly matched.

Myles made some very good stops, but at last the deadlock was broken when Durkin got the ball from Cahill and scored a point for the O'Briens. It was the only score made at half time. After a short interval the players tackled each other again. The heat exercised a strong influence on the showing of the players. O'Brien, Sisk and P. T. Murphy did same fine playing for the Emmets. Kelleher, Noonan and Lenihan made a rush for the O'Briens and another point was added to their score. Condon made a good run along the side. Phil Ryan got the ball back to O'Brien ground, Reidy sent it to Hall, Hall to M. English, and the latter scored a point for the Emmets. Burke and Lehane brought the ball back, and H. Ryan scored a point for the O'Briens. Carney, Reidy and Murphy sent the ball again into the O'Briens' ground, and a series of warm scrimmages ensued. The O'Briens were hard pressed. Carmody scored a point for the Emmets, and another was added by English before the ball got away. Time was up and neither side won, each having scored three points. The players were:

Emmets—P. T. Murphy, captain; J. Myles, J. Reidy, P. Ryan, B. Cullerton, W. Carney, Tim Ryan, Tom Ryan, J. Ryan, J. J. Sisk, C. Murphy, M. Norris, T. O'Brien, P. Murphy, M. English, D. Carmody, W. Hall.

O'Briens—P. D. Fitzgerald, captain; P. King, W. Shea, J. Lehane, H. Ryan, T. Condon, J. Woods, W. Burke, J. C. Woods, P. Durkin, W. Noonan, J. Lenihan, T. Doogan, E. Oahill, J. Kelleher, M. Wixted, T. Noonan.

The hurling contest between the Innisfails and the Sarsfields was an exhibition of skill and activity all the way through. The Sarsfields had not suffered defeat so far this season, but last Sunday they were beaten. Mulcahy led off with a good hit, which was returned by Sexton. O'Reilly, Naughton and White rushed a point for the Innisfails. Cahill came near scoring for the Sarsfields. Hartigan and Shannessy struck some effective "pucks," and the ball was sent up and down the field by Egan, McCarthy and Callahan and by McGrath, O'Connell and Shehan. Shannessy scored for the Sarsfields, O'Reilly and White forced a point for the Innisfails. Egan, Callahan and Naughton made a rush for their opponents' goal and succeeded in putting the ball through for a goal. The Sarsfields, headed by Shannessy, Hayes and Fitzgerald, carried the ball down the field and Cahill scored a point. McCarthy scored a point for the Innisfails and Cahill scored again for the Sarsfields. The Sarsfields were four points ahead at half time.

After the interval they had the better of it for a considerable time. They continued to add point after point to their score until they were one point ahead. White got the ball from O'Reilly and scored a point for the Innisfails. Conway saved several attempts by Cahill and Mulcahy. The Innisfails got the ball again on the run and Naughton, Sexton and Egan forced a goal for the Innisfails just as time was up. The Innisfails won a fine game with a score of 2 goals and 3 points to a score of 8 points made by the Sarsfields. The players were:

Innisfails—T. Naughton, captain; Byrom, John and James Callahan, T. Sullivan, M. Hartigan, Finucane, P. Hartigan, P. McCarthy, J. White, E. O'Reilly, T. Sexton, P. Egan, M. Callahan, Penny, Phelan and Conway.

Sarsfields—E. Cahill, captain; M. Moloney, T. Cronin, J. Cooney, M. Fogarty, J. Moloney, P. McGrath, D. O'Mara, J. O'Connell, J. Hayes, D. Walsh, J. Fitzgerald, M. Mulcahy, W. Shannessy, M. Shehan, P. Shannessy and P. Ryan.

Resolutions of Condolence.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, June 25.—At the last meeting of Holy Family Court No. 1, Catholic Order of Foresters, held in Sodality hall, the following resolutions, on the death of James Nally, were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother, James Nally, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother Holy Family Court No. 1, C.O.F., has lost one of its most beloved members, his wife a loving and faithful husband, his children a kind and affectionate father, and this community an honest citizen; and be it further

Resolved, That we offer to bereaved wife and children of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their affliction. While we feel that we cannot relieve their sorrow, we pray that they may be enabled to bear with resignation and fortitude their mutual loss.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, in respect for our late brother; that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow, and that they be spread upon the records of this court, and a copy be sent to THE CITIZEN and the *New World* for publication.

Committee on resolutions: William Schaefer, Daniel Troy; Leo P. Dwyer.

HOSTILE FACTIONS CONDEMNED.

Convention of the United Irish Societies Discourage the Contributions to Parliamentary Funds.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County was held last Sunday afternoon at Fitzgerald's Hall, and was presided over by John J. Mahony. The convention expressed condemnation of the movement in favor of raising funds for the McCarthy wing of the Irish Parliamentary party, which has already secured some $5,000 or $6,000 to its funds. John T. Keating was chairman of the committee on resolutions and presented the following as the expression of the sentiment of the convention on the parliamentary fund question, which was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Irish Parliamentary party remains in divided, hostile factions and continues to humiliate and discourage the friends of Ireland by the malignancy and personal bitterness which caaracterize the senseless struggle which is being carried on between the members of that party.

Resolved, That it is the judgment of the representatives of the United Irish Societies of Chicago in convention assembled that neither of the factions to this pitiable and disgraceful quarrel should receive any aid or encouragement from the friends of Ireland in this country.

Resolved, That we earnestly appeal to the friends of Ireland in this city and throughout the country to refuse to contribute to either of the factions until they have the decency and patriotism to cease abusing each other and to unite in attacking the enemy of their unfortunate, plundered, and oppressed country. If these factions are determined to destroy each other and to let the cause of their country be degraded by their conduct, they should look for support to Ireland's enemies, whose work they are doing, and not to Ireland's friends.

Delegates from over one hundred societies were present. Following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

President—John J. Mahony.
Vice-President—John T. Keating.
Treasurer—Lawrence Hosely.
Recording Secretary—T.F. McCarthy.
Corresponding Secretary — Arthur Donoghue.
Trustees—Daniel O'Connor, John McCaffrey, J. J. Carroll.

It was decided to hold the annual Irish demonstration and picnic at Ogden's Grove Aug. 15.

The executive committee will meet at McCoy's Hotel, Saturday, June 30.

GOOD TIMES ARE IN THE FUTURE.

Good times are in the future—thus it always seems to be,
The good times are coming, and we strain our eyes to see.
The past times may be gloomy, and the present just as drear,
But the times now in the future, are bright and full of cheer.

In boyhood days we're jolly, as we frolic free and gay,
But dreaming of the future, drives contentment far away.
Then in manhood's bloom we yearn for the peace of other days,
And visions of the future years e'er fleet before our gaze.

And when age has stooped our bodies, though death's gloom round us be,
Our fancy through the darkening mist those good times yet will see.
For a hope then buoys our spirits while faith our souls sustain,
And we feel that good times soon will come—ever to remain.

JOSEPH GUERIN.

CHICAGO, June 25, '94.

A HEARTRENDING TRAGEDY.

[To the Editor.]

SANTA FE, N. M., June 19.—I have a very melancholy story to tell you today. Of course you remember our gallant friend and comrade, Col. Patrick J. Downing, the brave soldier and true Irishman. Well, his son Mortimer with his excellent wife have been residents of Santa Fe for some time. On last Thursday Mrs. Downing and her only child, "Little Jack," 4 years of age, strolled a short distance out of town to a range of low bush-covered hills, where they sat down to rest. The mother began to read a book, and the child ran out and in among the bushes for some time; soon, however, she missed him and called, but received no answer, then she began to look for him, and continued looking for an hour without avail. At last Mrs. Downing became alarmed, hastened home and gave the alarm. In an hour the hills were covered with men, women and children looking under every bush for the dear child. Then a whole company from the post joined the excited people, and the search was kept up the entire night, but when they returned in the morning "Little Jack" was not found. The whole town was alarmed: it seemed everybody's own grief. More systematic measures were then adopted. Long lines of hundreds of men were formed, and the hills were scouted for miles in every possible direction. About 5 p. m. a party of men found the dear little one lying on the sand with a bunch of flowers in one hand and a small stick in the other, but the sweet innocent soul was with the angels of God. As soon as the body was brought in, the streets were filled with weeping people, nearly every one of whom knew the golden-haired child. On Sunday afternoon the funeral took place, and it looked as if one of the most popular citizens of the place was being carried to his last resting place. The entire band of the Tenth Infantry and a company of soldiers headed the procession, which was composed of hundreds of mourning people on foot and in carriages. The ritual of the church was offered up to God by the Very Rev. Father Forchegue, Vicar General. The grave was lined with evergreens and flowers, and as the little coffin was lowered it was literally bedded with buds and blossoms. An exquisite pillow of snow drops was presented by the Sisters of Loretto, and just as the coffin was laid in the grave Mrs. A. L. Morrison (by whom the lovely babe was tenderly loved) placed a cross of white roses on it, and then the grave was filled with roses by young and old ladies, and dear "Little Jack" was left alone with God. The sadly bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

A. L. M.

GAELIC POETRY.

Lairin Riocaird Mhoir.

[This fine piece of Gaelic poetry was taken down from the dictation of Mr. P. J. Larkin, 1523 Park avenue, Chicago. Mr. Larkin learned it with many other pieces of the kind, in the days of his early youth, more than fifty years ago, before leaving his home in the county Galway, Ireland. We hope to be able from time to time to lay before the readers of THE CITIZEN other pieces which have long been stored up in Mr. Larkin's exceptionally fine memory.]

Bhi Riocard Mór O'Faithche (Rickard Fahey) 'nna chómhnuidhe 'san Dún Mor i g-condae na Gaillimhe, timchioll ceithre fithchead bliadhain ó shoin. Bhidheadh sé ag diol éisg, ag dul thrid an tir ó áit go h-áit le capall beag agus cairt. Thária sé lá amháin go raibh sé ag "Mainistear Chnoic Báille" (Boyle), i g-condae Ros Comáin, agus fhad 's bhi sé astigh i d-teach ag déanamh margaidh air son an éisg, do thuit an capaillin marbh faoi an g-cairt. Do cumadh air d'á bhárr sin gurab iad an Sluagh Sidhe a chroch leó a chapaillin, agus go n-deachaidh seisean d'á tóruigheacht mar aithristear 'san rann. Ni'l meamhair ag an Saoi O'Loreán air ainm an fhile, acht deir sé go raibh sé 'nna chómhnuidhe air an Dún Mór. Ba cóir go m-béidhcadh eolas ag rinn d'ár léightheoiribh as comharsanacht na h-áite sin air bheagán nios mó de'n t-seanchas; má tá, ba mhaith linn sgeul d'fhágail uatha.

Ag dul thrí Mhainistir Chnoic Báille dham rinneadh orm an gníomh gan náire,
'Nuair a sgiob an Sluagh Sidhe 'gus Fionnbheara mo chaiplin uaim ó'n máis;
Dá bh-fágfadh siad agam an croiceann, geabhfainn air tobac ráithe,
Acht nior fhág siad 'nna leaba acht sean mhinisteur liath 'gus cáir air.
Fuagraim féin an Mio-ádh, mar is mairg a m-bidheann mar chelle aige,
Is díom-sa tá sé greamuighthe, mo chreach, mo dhíodh nior fheud sé;
D'fhág sé mo chóir féin sgaoilte, 'gus mo chár 'san diogaidh i n-éinfeacht,
Acht tigheacht na Feile Brighide ni greannmhar dibh mo sgeul-sa.
Rid, a chómharsanna na g-carad, no an truagh libh ághdar m'eugcaoin,
An Sluagh Sidhe bhi i g-Cnoc Meá gur fhág siad mé air árd na déirce;
Ni'l cnoc, ni'l gleann, ni'l ráth, d'ár feas damhsa bheith i n-Eirinn,
Nach bh-fuil me air thóir me lárach, á's tá me go fóil d'á feugmais.

* * * * *

"Acht dearbhaim duit faoi chdirtéis, a's mar bh-fuil ná creid me choidhche,
Mar bh-fágh tá ag Cúirt Bhaile Mhiscéil i ag Siogaidh na m-ban siofrach."
Gluaistear liom air márságil, agus lean me an coiscéim direach,
Agus bhi me i g-Cúirt Bhaile Mhiscéil sul dá bhi an meádhon-lae criochnuighthe.
Do labhair me leis an t-Sifréls, má bhi sé cóir no cneasta
Nach n-glacfainn uaidh sgeul no leithsgeul go bh-fuighinn féin mo chaiplin saoghlach.
"'S Oro, a Riocaird Mhóir, ni agam-sa tá do láirin
Tá sí i n-Gleann na Smól ag cruittireann cheoil le ráithe."
Gluaistear liom air silléig, a's dhearg me mo phiopa,
A's bhi me i n-Gleann na Smól le tuitim ceó na h-oidhche.
Is ann sin bhí an tuighleach réidh do létr mar feictbear dhamhsa,
Fir agus mná na cruinne gurb' ann a gheabhfaidh air ségradh.
Ni'l ceird anuas ó fhiaitheas nach ann a gheabhfaidh air gluaiseacht,
Acht fígheadoiridhe na cruinne, is ann a gheabhfaidh a d-tuaraisg.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

HONORING MR. CORKERY.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, June 26.—Please to announce that the proposed lawn party to be given under the auspices of the Women s Catholic National League, on Saturday evening next, at Washington Park, has been cancelled out of respect to the memory of Daniel Corkery, whose wife is vice-President from the South Side, and one of the most valuable members of the organization. The Women's Catholic National League, in common with thousands of others, regrets very much the death of Mr. Corkery, who, on many occasions, rendered the organization practical aid, and extends its sympathy to his wife in her very sad affections. ISABELLA C. O'KEEFFE.

Resolutions of respect were adopted at the meetings of the City Council and Board of Education.

ST. PAUL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

[To the Editor.]

For the benefit of total abstainers, friends of the temperance movement and all others contemplating a summer vacation, information has reached the committee on railroad arrangements at this point, that the Western Passenger Association, covering the territory from Chicago to St. Paul, have made a rate of one fare ($11.50) for the round trip on an excursion ticket, to the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, to be held in St. Paul the first week in August. Other passenger associations, covering the territory over which delegates will no doubt make like reductions.

This will doubtless be agreeable news to societies, clubs, etc., as it enables them to tell what it will cost to send representatives to the convention. This is a rare opportunity for those intending to go summering, and it is hoped that many will take advantage of it. Considering the fact that strenuous efforts have been made by local committees, urged by Archbishop Ireland, to make this convention the most representative in the history of the temperance movement, and remembering that the address of the archbishop will mark an era of progress in the temperance work. On behalf of the committee,

W. J. O'CONNOR.

DIRGE OF OWEN ROE.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Oh, mourn, Erin, mourn!
He is lost—he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne,
Thy bravest heroes led.
The night winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe,
The raven flaps his darkling wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe;
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen Roe.

Alas! hapless land,
It is ever thus with thee;
The eternal destinies withstand
Thy struggles to be free?
One after one thy champions fall,
Thy valiant men lie low;
And now sleeps under shroud and pall
The gallant Owen Roe—
The worthiest warrior of them all,
The princely Owen Roe!

Where was sword, where was soul
Like to his below the skies?
Oh, many a century must roll
Ere such a chief may rise.
I saw him in the battle shock—
Tremendous was his blow;
As smites the sledge the anvil block
His blade smote the foe;
He was a tower, a human rock
Was mighty Owen Roe.

Woe to us! Guilt and wrong
Triumph; while to our grief
We raise the keen, the funeral song
Above our fallen chief.
The proud usurper sways with power,
He rules in state and show;
While we lament our fallen tower,
Our leader, Owen Roe—
While we, like slaves, bow down and cower,
And weep for Owen Roe.

But the high will of heaven
Be fulfilled evermore,
What though it leaveth us bereaven
And stricken to the core,
Amid our groans, amid our tears,
We still must feel and know
That we shall meet in after years
The sainted Owen Roe—
In after years, in brighter spheres,
The glorious Owen Roe.

OBITUARY.

MISS ELLA HUGHES.

Miss Ella Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hughes, of 3240 Lake Park avenue, this city, was accidently killed in Dubuque, Iowa, Friday afternoon of last week by falling down an elevator shaft at Mount St. Joseph's Academy. Miss Hughes left her home in this city last Saturday week to attend the commencement exercises of the academy, of which she was a graduate. On the journey to Dubuque Miss Hughes was accompanied by Mrs. William Foster and Miss Lida McAssey, of this city, both of whom were her schoolmates.

The three young ladies were quartered in the guests building. Mrs. Foster was to leave for Chicago yesterday afternoon and Miss Hughes started from the guests' building with her to accompany her to the carriage. Their way lay through a corridor on the second floor of the main building, through which ran an elevator shaft. Men were employed about the open shaft in lifting pianos from the exhibition hall in the basement to the upper floors. The sister superior had taken the precaution to remove the pupils from the main building, and, meeting the ladies in the carridor, warned Miss Hughes to avoid the opening on her way back. The young lady replied with a smile and a light remark, for she herself had been cautioning other guests against the danger.

As she reached the lawn with Mrs. Foster she saw her classmates, Miss Knight and Miss McHugh, approaching in a carriage, in which they were to take a drive with Miss Hughes and Miss McAssey. Miss Hughes started back towards the guest building in a brisk run to call Miss McAssey. Whether she forgot the elevator shaft or had gained such momentum that she could not stop, she plunged into it at full speed. A man who stood by it, with back turned, did not hear her approach until she brushed against him, turning him half about. He made an effort to catch her, but too late. She fell head downward and lay dead on the stage which, just seven years ago, witnessed her triumph as a valedictorian.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Miss Hughes was 23 years old, and, with the exception of the time spent at St. Joseph's Academy, has lived all her life in Chicago. Her father, William T. Hughes, was until recently a member of the commission firm of Gregg & Hughes. Besides the parents the family consists of three children, Edward J. Hughes, who is employed in the post-office, Miss Carrie Hughes and Mrs. C. F. M. Allen.

Miss Ella Hughes was much interested in church work. She was an organizer and member of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, of the Sacred Heart Convent, on West Taylor street, whose mission it is to do sewing for poor churches. Many of her classmates belonged to the sodality. The funeral occurred from St. James' Catholic church on Tuesday and was largely attended.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

"The Chimes of Normandy," the opera of the present week at the Schiller is an uniquivocal and great success. The *Herald* says: "Well sung and splendidly mounted. The big hit of the evening was made by William Wolff, as Gaspard, the old miser. He was twice called before the curtain." The *Tribune* says: "As Germaine, Miss Delaporte, the prima donna, was charming in appearance and sung her part with taste. The *Times* says: "This charming opera never fails to please when it is so well given. William Wolff, the basso, and character comedian, made a great hit as Gaspard, the miser.

Next week the Schiller Opera Company, in accordance with the very generally expressed desire from musical people in the city, produces the ever delightful and welcome "Bohemian Girl," commencing next Sunday night. This opera company is so constituted as regards exceptionally talented and favorite principal artists, and a musical and dramatic ensemble generally, as to be able to give "The Bohemian Girl" a splendid caste. It certainly is fully capable of investing this celebrated and popular opera with greater lyric beauty than has been afforded it in its presentation in Chicago for years past. Its delicious arias, pretty duets and attractive choruses will doubtless be charmingly given by this, the best balanced and most thoroughly organized opera company brought together in Chicago for a long period. It will be given with new and beautiful scenery and brilliant stage settings and accessories, and is certain to prove a treat to all lovers of romantic and melodious opera.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Its Remarkable Record for Valor and Efficiency.

From Col. William F. Fox's "Regimental Losses in the American Civil war," is taken this brief chapter on "The Irish Brigade." Fairminded Americans should never lose sight of the fact that Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen were dying by thousands for the flag of the Union and the perpetuity of American institutions, at a time when England and Orange Canadian haters of the "land of the free" were doing all in their power to give aid and comfort to the Confederacy. And these are the self-styled defenders of the Union who are now trying, by dark-lantern methods that no honest man can countenance, to save America from her Catholic citizens. Here is the record:

"The Irish Brigade, was, probably, the best known of any brigade organization, it having made an unusual reputation for dash and gallantry. The remarkable precision of its evolutions under fire; its desperate attack on the impregnable wall at Marye's Heights; its never failing promptness on every field; and its long continuous service, made for it a name inseparable from the history of the war. It belonged to the First Division of the Second Corps, and was numbered as the 2d Brigade. The regiments which properly belonged to the Irish Brigade, together with their losses, were:

	Killed and Died of Wounds.
63rd New York Infantry	156
69th New York Infantry	259
88th New York Infantry	151
28th Massachusetts Infantry	256
116th Pennsylvania Infantry	145
Total (during the war)	967

"The Irish Brigade lost over 4,000 in killed and wounded; being more men than ever belonged to the brigade at one time. With the exception of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, the regiments were small. At the start they were not recruited to the maximum, but left New York with about 800 men in each. The three New York regiments became so reduced in numbers, that at Gettysburg they were consolidated into four companies.

"The Brigade, which was organized in 1861, consisted originally of three New York regiments, which selected numbers corresponding to those of certain Irish regiments in the British army.* The 116th Pennsylvania and 28th Massachusetts were added in the fall of 1862. Each of the five regiments carried green flags, in addition to the national colors. While on the Peninsular and Antietam campaigns, the 29th Massachusetts was attached to the brigade, but after Antietam it was detached, and its place was taken by the 28th Massachusetts. In September, 1863, the remnant of the 7th New York heavy artillery took its place. In July, 1864, the 116th was transferred to the Fourth Brigade. But the Irish Brigade was composed substantially, as above; and each of the regiments having re-enlisted, its services was continuous and unbroken. It was commanded, in turn, by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, Col. Patrick Kelly (killed), Gen. Thomas A. Smyth (killed), Col. Richard Byrnes (killed), and Gen. Robert Nugent."—*Ex.*

*The author is in error as regards the 63rd and 69th. We think in regard to the 88th also.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket offices 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

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The Watches of the Night

When of the repeated kind experienced by persons troubled with insomnia, soon bring about an alarming condition of the nervous system. The shaking hand, confusion of the brain, lapses of memory and loss of appetite indicate, with terrible precision, the ravages produced by loss of sleep, which if unremedied must destroy mental equilibrium altogether. No better and thorough nervine exists than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Common sense and experience point to its early and steady use in cases of insomnia. It strengthens weak and relaxes the tension of overstrained nerves, which, by the way, a resort to unmedicated stimulants will never do permanently, while the after effect of such excitants is most prejudicial. Under the influence of this benign invigorant, appetite, digestion and sleep return, and bodily comfort and health are alike promoted. It is invaluable in chills and fever, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatic and kidney trouble.

Fourth of July Rates.

On July 3 and 4, 1894, the Northwestern line will sell round trip tickets to stations within 200 miles at very low rates, good returning until July 5, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Business Directory.

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"WHILE WE HAVE TIME."

The peaceful hour of summer dusk is nigh;
Swift as a falcon hawk beneath an opal sky;
Along the west faint bars of crimson die;
Under the low browed porch your chair is set,
And sweet scents of musk and mignonette;
You muse of things you sometimes half forget.
Can you forgive her then?

Or when, within some sacred, ancient fane,
Where holy rest and peace forever reign,
As falls the tinted sunlight from the pane,
Unto your ear the solemn words are given:
"While we have time," "forgive and be forgiven,"
The angels wait to take your prayers to heaven.
Do you forgive her then?

"While we have time!" The years are not our own;
The clock ticks on with calm, unaltered tone,
Until our little span of life has flown;
A sad bell tolling in a narrow glen,
A quiet aisle astir with tramp of men;
She would not know if you forgave her—then.
—New York Ledger.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The effort made by a mature mind to recall again its earliest impressions is a very curious thing. One evokes them. They rise up under the form of a very small person, whom one succeeds in detaching from one's self, but who nevertheless continues to make one body with what one has become. The impression is singular; it is multiform. The image of the vision of the "myself" is clear, well defined. As soon as one says to oneself, "When I was a child," one can see oneself as one was at certain hours, but as soon as one wishes to remember an event or question of fact one cannot escape from one's actual personality, and it is impossible to rid that fact or that event of its connections, of all its future consequences. One would like to describe childhood with childish words. One cannot do it.

Is it interesting for another mind than one's own to rehearse what one did at the age of 8 years? I fear not, yet nevertheless I will try. Since I run this risk, I desire to run it absolutely, and to describe in the most natural way possible what appears to me from out the past.

One day—it was not a Sunday—my grandmother put on me a pretty white dress which she had embroidered herself, and she said to me: "This is your birthday. You are 3 years old on this 4th day of October."

"Three years!" These two words repeated themselves in my head. They had in them something grave and gay at the same time. To grow is the perpetual dream of childhood, which entertains some very surprising illusions upon this subject. They said unceasingly around me, "She is tall for her age." I looked at myself. I thought of the children who were smaller than I, and I found myself tall. A pride came over me, which was increased by a word uttered by my nurse, Arthemise. For the first time she called me "mademoiselle."

On that day all the persons who saw me kissed me. I returned the kisses of my grandfather and of my grandmother, suspending myself by my arms on their necks, but I remember that many people displeased me by kissing me too hard. I made an exception for my nurse, Arthemise, whom I adored, and for my big friend, Charles, who had promised to marry me, and who called me his little wife. I thought, not without pride, that now, when I was 3 years old, he would call me "his big wife," a thing which he did with much respect on offering me a drum.

My grandfather and my grandmother expected for breakfast my father and my mother, who lived three leagues from Chauny, at Blerancourt. Every time they came they were late, because the route across the prairie of Manicamp was so bad, so bad that people told the children the following story: A cow had fallen in one of the ruts, and the herder, who was always searching for her with his whip handle, could never find her again.

I was hungry, and at each moment I ran to the front door. I held onto the doorpost and leaned outside. I was a little afraid. The front stairs seemed to me so high with their four steps, but then I thought I would be very useful to the kitchen if I could cry out at the first glimpse of them, "There they are!" I was extremely restless. I even fell once, to the great fright of Arthemise, who feared for my pretty dress. Finally my parents arrived.

They told a great story which I do not now remember. The carriage and the horses were covered with mud. My papa and my mamma said that the road was bad, a thing which impressed me. My mother wore a silk dress, very much looped up and very much hidden under her shawls. I can yet see her unfold her jupe and shake it. I help her by beating the silk, and I repeat with admiration, "Mamma is pretty!"

My father takes me up and puts my head upon his shoulder. He has tears in his eyes. My mother takes me in her turn, and she cries also.

"It is a long time since we have seen you," says my father, "a very long time."

"Oh, yes, a long time!" repeats my mother.

I am looking for that long time, and I do not find it. My grandmother answers:

"Oh, no, not a very long time, two months."

And I am more contented.

We are sitting down to breakfast. My grandfather tells some things at which everybody laughs, but I am thinking already that the gayety will not last, that my mother will begin again to cry in a moment, and that the days when my parents from Blerancourt are present are always sad on account of me. I well know why. I have a story, and I tell it when I am asked for it:

"My grandmother took me from my mother when I was 9 months old. She stole me. Then I made 30 leagues in the stagecoach. It was when I was very little, and that is all." All Chauny has made me tell that story. All Chauny likes to question me because I began to speak very early and without the Picardy accent. They think that I am a little Parisian, and this title of Parisian which they give me runs through my head unceasingly. It appears to me synonymous with queen. My father suddenly says:

"This time we shall take Juliette home with us."

"I shall keep her," answers my grandmother.

"It is over two years that you have kept her from us. I want her," adds my mother. "If Juliette had a brother or a sister, I would give her to you, I assure you."

"Why has she neither a brother nor a sister?" asked my grandfather, with a smile. "Is it our fault?"

I, too, ask myself why I have not a little brother or a little sister. I tell myself my grandmother is right, and that my parents from Blerancourt are wrong.

"You must give Juliette back to us," says my father again.

"No, never!" answers my grandfather.

Then begins a scene which has been renewed during my whole childhood, in which they cry out sharply; in which they pull me first to one side, then to the other; in which they kiss me, with faces all wet; in which they grow angry and scold; in which they make me idiotic by asking me:

"Will you come with us?" "Will you remain with us?"

I answer, crying, having no idea of my cruelty toward my father and mother: "I want my grandmother! I want Arthemise and my grandfather!"

On that day, as very often afterward, my parents yield—they become appeased. My grandmother, by force of tenderness, obtains from them the concession that they will leave me at Chauny. My father repeats to me a hundred times:

"Do you love your papa and mamma?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

My grandmother adds:

"We must begin her education, which can only be done at Chauny. She shall go to the boarding school tomorrow."

My mother puts on her hat, my father wraps her in her shawls, they enter the carriage, and I send them some kisses on the tips of my fingers.

The next morning I am awakened early. I am still very sleepy. That which, when very little, according to the expression of my grandfather, I called "the family drama," has fatigued me.

As it is my habit, in the large salon with four windows, which my first recollections paint to me as immense, and which since then has grown a good deal smaller, I am seated near the fire between my grandfather and my grandmother, or going from the knees of the one to the knees of the other. Arthemise is standing up, and my dresses are spread out upon a chair. They dress me after having washed me—a thing which I do not like much, although it is a small matter—a little on the face and the hands, and even then my grandfather says to my nurse:

"Let her alone. You will make pimples come to her face."

Instead of my pretty white dress of the evening before, they have put on me a dark one. My white apron is covered all over by a black apron. I find that I am not pretty, and I feel sad. My grandfather says:

"Poor, good little woman!"

I burst into sobs. I know well enough what a boarding school is. I have some large friends who go there. I might be proud of it, but I am not. I am afraid.

I repeat through my tears: "Grandmother, I will be good. I do not want to go to boarding school. Keep me here."

My grandfather says that they might let the winter pass before sending me to boarding school.

Arthemise declares that I am yet too little—that it is a murder!

That word murder is sounding to this day in my ears, like the explosion of a bomb.

"A murder, a murder!" exclaims my grandmother, with her face all red. "You are crazy."

Here is again "a family drama." My grandfather calls Arthemise insolent. After having become angry they do not get over it as easily as my parents.

"This evening you shall pack your trunk," says my grandmother to my nurse, "and tomorrow you shall return to Caumanchon. Leave the room!"

"You might have scolded her, but not sent her away," says my grandfather. "This girl loves the little one sincerely. Besides, after all, she is right. It is a murder. Let Juliette play a year or two more."

"I want her to surpass all the others," answers my grandmother. "Besides—be still."

"Ta, ta, ta!" repeats my grandfather, who always gives up with these three words.

My grandmother takes me by the hand, and there I am, on the way to boarding school.

My friend the grocer, to whom I bring all my pennies to get sugar balls, yellow, red, white ones, greets us, and my grandmother tells him that she is taking me to boarding school.

"You want to make a savant of her," answers the grocer.

The butcher's wife is at her desk in the wide open shop. She asks where I am going thus with my black apron—if it is for a punishment. As my grandmother answers, "To boarding school!" the butcher's wife adds: "It is the same thing. Poor little dear!"

The large door of Mme. Dufey's boarding school closes with a sound like the rolling of a storm. I enter into the yard, where there are some "little ones and some tall ones." Mme. Dufey appears before me. She has mustaches, and the sight of her terrifies me.

"I have had the mother; I shall have the daughter," she says.

My grandmother wants to leave me. I hang on to her skirts. I drag myself by them along the ground. I choke. I repeat sobbing, "You do not love your little girl any more."

For the first time my grandmother remains insensible to my grief. She repulses me. She, who so far has consistently spoiled me, thinks that the moment has come to be severe.

"Be obedient," she says to me, "or you shall never come back to the house again."

"I shall keep her for dinner to get her used to it," says Mme. Dufey to my grandmother. "Do not send for her until this evening."

No misfortune in my life has appeared to me greater than this abandonment. No anxiety has more broken me. I am leaning on the wall of the classroom under the bell which they are ringing. This noise, from which I have not the strength to run away, breaks my head.

Pushed on by my new comrades, I enter a dark, sad room. They oblige me to seat myself alone at the end of a bench. I have a fit of despair. I cry with all my strength. I call Arthemise, my grandfather!

An assistant teacher tells me to keep still. She shakes me. I am not still. I defend myself. They carry me to a garret and leave me there, I do not know how long. Even to this day it seems to me that that day lasted several months. It occupies as much space among my souvenirs as whole years of other times. The assistant teacher comes back at dinner time. I have not stopped crying. If I had known what it was to die, I should have wished for death.

"Will you keep still?" says the assistant teacher to me. "Will you be good?"

I execrate this wicked woman, the first enemy that I have ever met. I threaten her. She places a piece of dry bread at my side and leaves me, saying:

"You will give up."

Mme. Dufey has forgotten me. My grandmother knows it later. I have never had a more violent anger than my anger against the door which is closed. I have never found those who are called "the others" more cruel than on that day. After a perfect tornado of weeping, knocking, crying, I fell on the floor exhausted, and I slept.

I awoke in the arms of Arthemise, who was in tears, frightened to see me pale, and with my face all shriveled. She rocked me to lull me to sleep while she told me some gay stories of Caumanchon. She repeated, "They do not love you, they do not love you!"

Now, as I had Arthemise again, I did not cry any more. I felt a strong will in me. I said to my nurse:

"Arthemise, you love me, don't you?"

"My dear little one, of course I love you," answered she.

"Well, Juliette wants to go to Caumanchon. You will obey her."

She resisted.

"They will say that I have stolen you. No, no, but I shall not fail to tell her all the harm she has done you—your grandmother—be sure of it."

"Juliette wants to go right away," said I. Arthemise gave up to my prayers.

And as we went out of the boarding school I hurried up the stairs of the rampart and began to run as fast as I could.

Arthemise caught me, took me in her arms and pressed me against her. She ran without stopping in the direction of her village.

When she was too tired to carry me any longer, Arthemise put me down, and I ran on, holding her by the hand. It seemed to me that I was doing a great thing, and that I was in the right, while my grandmother was wrong. While running or in the arms of Arthemise I repeated the word which had struck me so much:

"It is a murder!"

"Yes, it is a murder," said Arthemise, "but we shall see what we shall see."

We walked on in the mud. It was dark, and if I had not been with Arthemise I should have been very much frightened at the ruts where the cows were lost. I was hungry, very hungry, and I thought I was a very unhappy little girl.

We arrived at the house of my nurse. The door stood open. A great clear fire burned in the large chimney. The father and the mother of Arthemise appeared to me to be older than my grandfather and my grandmother. They were eating soup and rose up in alarm when they saw me.

"Why do you bring mam'selle here?" exclaimed they.

"Because they want to do her harm!"

"Who?" said the father.

"The master and the mistress."

"You are crazy! It is none of your business," cried the mother.

"I am hungry. Will you give me some soup?" asked I.

The good people helped me, both of them at the same time. That soup appeared to me better than all the soups of my grandmother.

When I was warmed, Arthemise put me to bed, undressing me only partially. She left a candle upon a shelf. The sheets were very coarse. There were some spider webs on the walls and hanging to the ceiling, and in the room itself some wooden boxes, between the slats of which came out the little heads of rabbits.

My own head was on fire. It seemed to me that the rabbits looked at me to ask me my story.

I dropped on my knees upon the coarse sheets, and I said:

"My good rabbits, I have a grandmother who does not love me."

I do not know what the rabbits answered me. At that moment I was taken up in the arms of my grandfather, who devoured me with his kisses, and who carried me before the fire. Assisted by Arthemise, he tried to dress me with his trembling hands.

"You wicked little girl! Your grandmother is crazy with anxiety," repeated he.

"I do not like her any more," cried I, throwing myself upon Arthemise's neck. "I want to stay at Caumanchon, in the rabbits' room. I do not want to leave my Arthemise."

I had a fever, and my grandfather, who was a surgeon, was afraid that I might have convulsions. Besides he could not take me away alone, since he had to drive the horse.

"We shall take Arthemise with us. She shall not leave you," said he to me.

"I shall not go to boarding school, grandfather! Never!"

"No; calm yourself."

We left. I was seated upon the lap of Arthemise, and I saw the full moon for the first time.

I remember my astonishment and the confused ideas which I kept for a long time about this pale sun.

When I arrived at the house, my grandmother was on the steps, so undone—she had cried so much—that I saw she had been terribly worried. She asked my pardon. "My darling, they shut you up in the garret! It was horrible. You did well to punish me. I shall not torment my little girl any more," said she.

I felt a certain superiority, which gave me some relief. I congratulated myself upon my conduct. Perhaps that moment decided my character.

"Juliette will always do like that when grandmother is wicked," said I, "and then she wants Arthemise forever."

My grandmother covered me with kisses.

"Arthemise," said she, "tell me all she said, all she did. It was she, was it not, who wanted to run away?"

"Yes, madame."

"She resembles me, the love, I adore her! Arthemise, promise me that you will yourself make her like the boarding school. We must stock this little head with furniture. It is well worth it."

"No, no, no furniture in my head," cried I.

Arthemise and my grandmother had understood each other. I returned to the boarding school later, but with a friend who taught me to amuse myself with images and the letters of the alphabet. —Translated From the French of Juliette Adam For Romance.

Cementing Quicksands.

The well known German engineer, Neukirch, in a paper on making foundations in quicksand, urges that the sand on which the foundation is to rest be converted into solid concrete by blowing into it, by air pressure, powdered dry hydraulic cement, using a 1½ inch pipe drawn to a point at its lower end and having three or more three-eighth inch holes. In practice this pipe is joined at its upper end by a rubber rube to an injector, which is connected to a source of compressed air and is fed with dry cement, the sinking of the pipe to the depth required being facilitated by blowing air through it during its descent and setting it in motion, a depth reaching to 19 feet being thus quickly accomplished. After this the cement is fed in and carried into the sand by the air, which, being forced up through the former, insures a thorough mixture with the cement, and the tube is then slowly withdrawn, the supply of cement being continued until it reaches the surface, the concrete formed in this way taking several weeks to harden and requiring some months to attain its full strength. Further, the whole area to be treated is divided into a number of small areas of about a square foot each, and the tube being sunk successively and operated on each of the squares it is found that the mixture of the sand and cement produced occupies less space than did the sand alone before the operation. This method of operation has been resorted to successfully in coffer dam construction and sewer work, where such had to be laid in quicksand.—New York Sun.

A Musical Legend of the Chinese.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out. On the same principle, it is presumed, Jupiter, according to Virgil, hides fire in flints and honey in trees in order to whet the ardor of man's industry to persevere in his efforts to rediscover the hidden treasures.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure (?) of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that their musical intruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts. When the bands playa, the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all wise Father. —St. Louis Republic.

Learning to Swim.

A useful device has been designed for learning the motions of swimming. It consists of a wire stretched tightly across the swimming bath. Two grooved pulleys run along the wire, and a rope is passed through the lower pulley reaching to the surface of the water. A belt of special make is worn by the pupil, which, by means of swivels and rings, allows the wearer to lie in any desired position. As soon as the swimmer acquires the proper motions, the wheel moves along the wire. This makes the lesson interesting and much less fatiguing than the old method of pole and rope.—Engineering.

Extreme Economy.

Mrs. Corntossel had been to the Corcoran Art gallery. "What did you think of the statuary?" asked her hostess.

"Well," was the meditative reply, "of course it's mighty poor taste and sinfully wasteful for people ter overdress. But I must say the ancients carried economy ter an extreme."—Burlington (Ia.) Gazette.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2483, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

YARNS ABOUT GOULD.

INCIDENTS SHOWING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FINANCIER.

He Avoided Newspaper Men, but a Denver Reporter Trapped Him Once—Sent One Man to Jim Keene—How He Learned That Whisky Was a Bad Surveyor.

There was nothing he detested more than newspaper notoriety. He used to dodge reporters, and only one of them, as far as known, ever fairly outwitted him. Fred Skiff, the city editor of the Denver Tribune, detailed reporter after reporter to interview Mr. Gould during one of his visits to Colorado, but each brought back word that the little railroad king would not be seen and had posted sentinels all along the hotel corridors to drive intruders away. So Skiff set out to do the job himself. He hunted up a friendly Pullman car conductor and borrowed his uniform. Then he walked into the hotel and up the stairs.

"Look a-here," said he to the first sentinel he met, "what does Mr. Gould propose to do about that car? I must know right away, for if he isn't going to use it tomorrow I've got to take it back to Chicago."

The sentry knew nothing about the car, of course, and advised Skiff to see Gould about it himself. So Skiff successfully ran the gantlet of the half dozen lackeys, growling all the time about the bother of being compelled to attend to other people's business. Judge Usher, one of Gould's attorneys, who was in consultation with his client when the bogus sleeping car conductor was shown in, immediately recognized Skiff, having known him back in Kansas.

"When did you get out of the newspaper business?" inquired the astonished lawyer. "I ain't out of it," replied Skiff, "but I had to put on this disguise in order to get in here to interview Mr. Gould."

"Young man," said Mr. Gould sternly, "if you're a reporter, you can take yourself right out of the room, for I am not to be interviewed."

Skiff argued the point and not being invited to be seated coolly sat down on the floor.

"Unless you put me out," said he, "I shall stay here till you tell me what your plans are."

This audacity pleased Gould. He looked at Usher, and seeing the lawyer chuckling heartily broke out into a loud laugh.

"Well, what do you want to know?" he said finally in the tone of a man who is wearied with objecting.

Skiff knew he had triumphed. He produced his notebook, drew up to the table at which Gould sat and set industriously to work putting out questions and noting the replies. The result was a reliable forecast of the immense railroad enterprise in which Gould subsequently embarked, and of which the public would not otherwise have been forewarned.

Less happy was the fate of the Chicago reporter who followed Gould by rail down into Indiana and finally overhauled his special car and knocked at the door. Mr. Gould responded in person, and the reporter held up his card so that his victim could read it through the glass window.

"The Chicago Bugle wants your opinion," he shouted, "on the question of refunding the 6 per cents."

Mr. Gould regarded him through the glass with such a frigid expression that the interviewer has shivered at the mere memory of it ever since, but finally opened the door on a crack and asked:

"Young man, do you want me?"

"Yes, sir. I want to interview you on the subject of"——

Mr. Gould began to shut the door.

"On the subject of the devil!" yelled the indignant reporter as he saw all his hopes fading away.

"Young man," said Mr. Gould, opening the door once more an inch or two, "on that subject you had better see Jim Keene. He's got all the points and is anxious to give them away to spite old Flood!"

Gould always believed that the secret of his ability to overcome others in any contest of wits was his temperate habit of life. He never tasted whisky but once. In the days when he was a surveyor in a small way and was mapping a county on the practical line of getting lodgings and meals of the farmers in exchange for marking correct sundials on their doorsteps he became tired one hot, dusty afternoon. He came to a country tavern. In his pocket was a 5 cent piece. It suddenly struck him that as a medicine to relieve faintness he ought to buy a glass of whisky with his nickel. "I was ignorant of bar usage," he said once in describing the incident to a friend, "and so when a glass and a bottle were set before me I filled the tumbler chock full. The bartender made no protest, and I swallowed the big horn. Then I went my way, trundling my wheelbarrow like measure of distances and occasionally taking the bearings with a sextant. Never in my life had my work gone off half so blithesomely, and for awhile I felt as though making a map of the starry heavens instead of a very dusty portion of this mundane sphere. After an hour or more of exaltation I grew sleepy and took a long nap under a tree in a field. I awoke with an awful headache and found that the figures entered in my notebook during the time of extra steam were quite incoherent. I was fully convinced that whisky was a bad surveyor, and I have never tried it for any other purpose."—Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

Tea as Medicine.

In some forms of heart disease tea proves a useful sedative, while in others it is positively injurious. Many cases of severe nervous headache are instantly relieved by a cup of strong green tea, taken without the addition of either milk or sugar, but it should be only occasionally resorted to in such cases, it being much better to avoid the cause.—New York Journal.

HE NEVER FOUND IT OUT.

Pathetic Tale of a Lost Pocketbook and a Charming Gown.

"What a charming gown that is!" cried the young woman with the picture hat. "I only wish I had one like it, but I never could afford it."

"Neither could I, my dear, if I hadn't lost my pocketbook."

"Good gracious, prosperity has affected your mind! I don't see how."

"Well, you see, Albert gave me the money to buy a gown. I told him it was not half enough, but he protested it was every cent he could afford. I cried for two days about it, and as he didn't give in then I concluded he was really telling the truth, so I started out to do the best I could. I went to every dry goods store in town and never worked so hard in my life, but I couldn't find what I wanted at the price. Finally in despair I decided to take the first piece I had looked at, and oh, Laura, imagine my horror to find when the clerk had cut off that pattern that I had lost my pocketbook!"

"How perfectly awful!"

"Wasn't it? I thought I should die. I knew I would have to tell Albert all about it some time, so I rushed around to his office to tell him in the presence of strangers, when he could not say anything dreadful. I wept and accused myself of carelessness, when he said he would advertise, for I couldn't remember when I had it last nor how much money was in it. His partner was there, and he seemed to feel so sorry for me—he's an old bachelor—that Albert didn't scold much and actually gave me the money the second time."

"And you went and got the gown?"

"Well, no. I had changed my mind about that piece of goods, it had such a cheap look, so I just went home to think it over."

"But you never got that gown cheap?"

"No, I didn't. The fact is, I found my pocketbook on the hall table where I had left it when I took out my car fare to put in my glove. I am so careful of money that I don't like to display much in the cars."

"And what did Albert say when he found it out?"

"He would have said a great deal if he had found it out, but he never did. I knew he'd scold me for carelessness if I told him, so I just kept all the money and bought my gown. I'm so glad you like it, dear!"—Chicago Tribune.

Tariff of Wives.

In the earliest times of purchase a woman was bartered for useful goods or for services rendered to her father. In this latter way Jacob purchased Rachel and her sister Leah. This was a Beena marriage, where a man, as in Genesis, leaves his father and his mother and cleaves unto his wife, and they become one flesh or kin—the woman's. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver island varies from £20 to £40 worth of articles. In Oregon an Indian gives for her horses, blankets or buffalo robes; in California, shell money or horses; in Africa, cattle.

A poor Damara will sell a daughter for a cow. A richer Kaffir expects from three to 30. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. Passing to Asia, we find her price is sometimes 5 to 50 rubles, or at others a cartload of wood or hay. A princess may be purchased for 3,000 rubles.

In Tartary a woman can be obtained for a few pounds of butter, or where a rich man gives 20 small oxen a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. These and similar prices elsewhere are eloquent testimony to the little value a savage sets on his wife. Her charms vanish with her girlhood. She is usually married while a child, and through her cruel slavery and bitter life she often becomes old and repulsive at 25.—Westminster Review.

Sewage In Germany.

The claim is made for Germany of having the most complete and successful system of sewage disposal of any country on the continent of Europe. In Berlin, where the features of this system are so perfectly represented, the drains from the houses receive both the rainwater, the refuse water from the kitchen, etc., and the contents of the water closets, conducting them to an arrangement of radial sewers, through which, by a natural fall, they pass to a dozen different pumping stations within the area of the town. From these the sewage, through the medium of combined force and suction pumps, proceeds through pipes of 3 feet or still greater diameter to the land which the corporation of Berlin possesses, the material thence making its final exit through a system of conduits so arranged that, before reaching them, it has parted with all its manurial power to the soil through which it is made to pass. The sewage water thus filtered reaches the river through the natural fall of the conduits in a comparatively purified state.—New York Sun.

With Your Cup of Coffee.

The invalid who is tired of taking her egg tonic with sherry, and who dislikes the taste of a raw egg, may be glad to know that the egg may be effectually disguised in a cup of coffee. Prepare the coffee to the taste, with cream and sugar, keeping it very hot until ready for the egg, which must be beaten thoroughly in another cup, and the prepared coffee added by degrees to it. Drink it hot, and you will find it not only palatable, but strengthening.—Philadelphia Times.

Baked Milk.

Put milk in an earthenware jar. Cover the opening with thick paper and bake in a moderate oven until the milk is as thick as cream. This is often palatable to invalids who do not care for milk.—New York World.

THE OLD SONGS.

Whatever the Vogue of a Style In Music They Never Lose Favor.

It was a hotel parlor; a brilliant pianist had just rendered one of Wagner's most difficult pieces, and a murmur of well bred applause followed. Then very softly and tenderly, like a sweetly tremulous old voice reciting pathetic memories, the ivory keys sent the plaintive melody of "Auld Lang Syne" sighing through the room. The idle chatter ceased, every mind was busy with bitter sweet memories, and the air was full of the scent of vanished clover, the warm fragrance of newly tossed hay, the echo of babbling brooks. The simple tune knocked at the door of every heart, and the ghosts of dead days came trooping forth in answer.

A stout dame on the musician's left looked away through the open window, beyond the moon flooded hills, and a sigh scintillated the jet upon her ample bosom. She had gone back to a summer eve years ago and was dressed in a faded pink calico and flapping sunbonnet again. Her bare toes sank deep in the yellow dust of the country road as she drove the cows home through the lonely, cool shadows. John Edward, freckled faced and honest eyed, came sheepishly out of the woods and joined her, and the cows were late that night, for what has young love to do with time?

A dignified old gentleman beside her blew his nose and incidentally wiped his eyes. He was thinking of the morning when he went out to seek his fortune and turned under the windy orchard trees to a wave of last farewell to a mother, who stood in the door with her check apron to her eyes. He had whistled "Auld Lang Syne" to keep back the rising sobs as he trudged upon his way.

Not a word was spoken when the last memory haunted note died away in silence, but every one had paid the tribute of a tear to "Auld Lang Syne."

An almost forgotten poet, Robert Hinckly Messinger, quaintly wishes for old wood to burn, old books to read and old friends to talk with in an ideal old age, and he might also have added old tunes to be played in the long twilights in which he dozed and dreamed in an easy chair. It is a fact that none of the popular songs of late years survives a mayfly existence. They catch the lip, but do not hold the heart, and are written to cater to the popular fancy, unlike the old tunes which are birth marked with the joys and woes of the human race.

Music hall melodies may come and go and be forgotten, but as long as a sprig of heather blossoms on Scottish moors "Highland Mary" will bring tears to Scottish eyes, and the cruelty of "Barbara Allen" will go down through all the ages while lads go courting and lasses are capricious. Every sailor leaves a "Black Eyed Susan" in port behind him, and there is a chord in every bosom set to the wanderer's immortal cry, "Home, Sweet Home." "Annie Laurie" will live as long as the English language. Neither a Handel nor a Beethoven composed the "Marseillaise," yet it became the battlecry of a nation. It is not to the music of the symphony societies that the dying turn, but to "Rock of Ages."

Many of Gilbert & Sullivan's catchy melodies are borrowed from old ballads, and they have even "Mother Goose" to thank for some of their success.

Strauss may set the feet to dancing, Wagner tickle the brain and Mozart please the ear, but nothing can touch the heart like the old tunes.—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Wolves to Death by Torture.

One use of the whalebone to which the Eskimos put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed. Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or dug up a cache of reindeer meat just when it was needed, or in any way have aroused the ire of the Innuit hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to hold the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking baits of meat and blubber, is scattered over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach it elongates and has the well known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.—From an Interview With Eugene Melville, U. S. N.

A Breakfast, 1738.

Mr. Weddell, in his curious "Voyage Up the Thames," from Somerset Stairs to Windsor, in a sailing barge or boat, in March, 1738, notes that ale was then still served for breakfast. Having started about 4 o'clock one afternoon, the next morning—

We arrived safe at Staines about Ten in the Forenoon, and went to a House of Entertainment, where everything appeared in a very good Taste; Breakfast was brought, consisting of Chocolate, Coffee, Ham, Cheese, Ale and Wine. I mention the Particulars, because it was the first time I remember seeing things brought in this manner, and is what I approve of, since in a Company of six Men, it is natural to expect at least one or two who can breakfast on Beef and Ale. Tho' I think Sippit was the only one among us of that Stamp.—P. 76.

—Notes and Queries.

A Liberal Offer.

Domestic—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are down stairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid.

Mr. McAuber—Hem! Very well. Tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions they are welcomed to stay here and board it out.—New York Weekly.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights In the Northern Skies.

The ancients viewed the aurora borealis with superstitious awe, looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red 'northern lights' gave us warning that something awful was about to happen." In the annals of Clan-Mac-Noise is to be found an account of a purple aurora, which lighted up the northern skies in the year 688 A. D. on the night preceding the dreadful battle fought by the Irish tribes of Leinster and Munster, and it is not necessary to mention the fact that the people took it as an omen of the great slaughter which soon followed.

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed some of the grandest displays of the auroral light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent. Superstitious people like those of Ireland hundreds of years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genoese scientist, who has long and faithfuly labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fitful aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself: "We surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and afterward nearly every night during our stay had the pleasure of seeing yellowish white light dance from nib to nib, in which the spectroscope analysis exhibited the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At Pietarintumturi we were especially favored in making our experiment, having on two different occasions caused an auroral arch to appear as if hanging in the air directly over our wires and about 150 rods above them."—St. Louis Republic.

His Certificate.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for the benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand. Certainly, certainly." And the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then I can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silently and departed.—Harrison's Monthly.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About 30 years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that if electricity was good for feeble people it might be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out on his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that as there were a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree that had been given up by the gardener as past saving was soon the most flourishing one of the row and before long outstripped its fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and the florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily managed methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

Age of Some Noted Universities.

It is said the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872. The University of Cambridge, or rather the first of the colleges at present comprised in it, was founded by Hugo, bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about the year 1200. The first German university was established at Prague in 1348. Trinity college, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591. The University of Edinburgh was first chartered in 1582 by King James VI of Scotland. Harvard college was founded at Cambridge, or, as it was then known, Newtown, Mass., in 1636. Yale university was first established at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700. It removed to its present location, New Haven, in 1716.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 484 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstager, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Orasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 509 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 23—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Crennin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Matbesh; Treas, Mr Milling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 836 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Heiber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's

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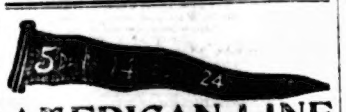

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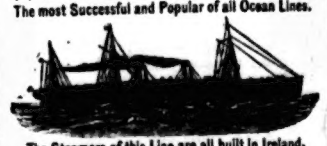

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